JUKE

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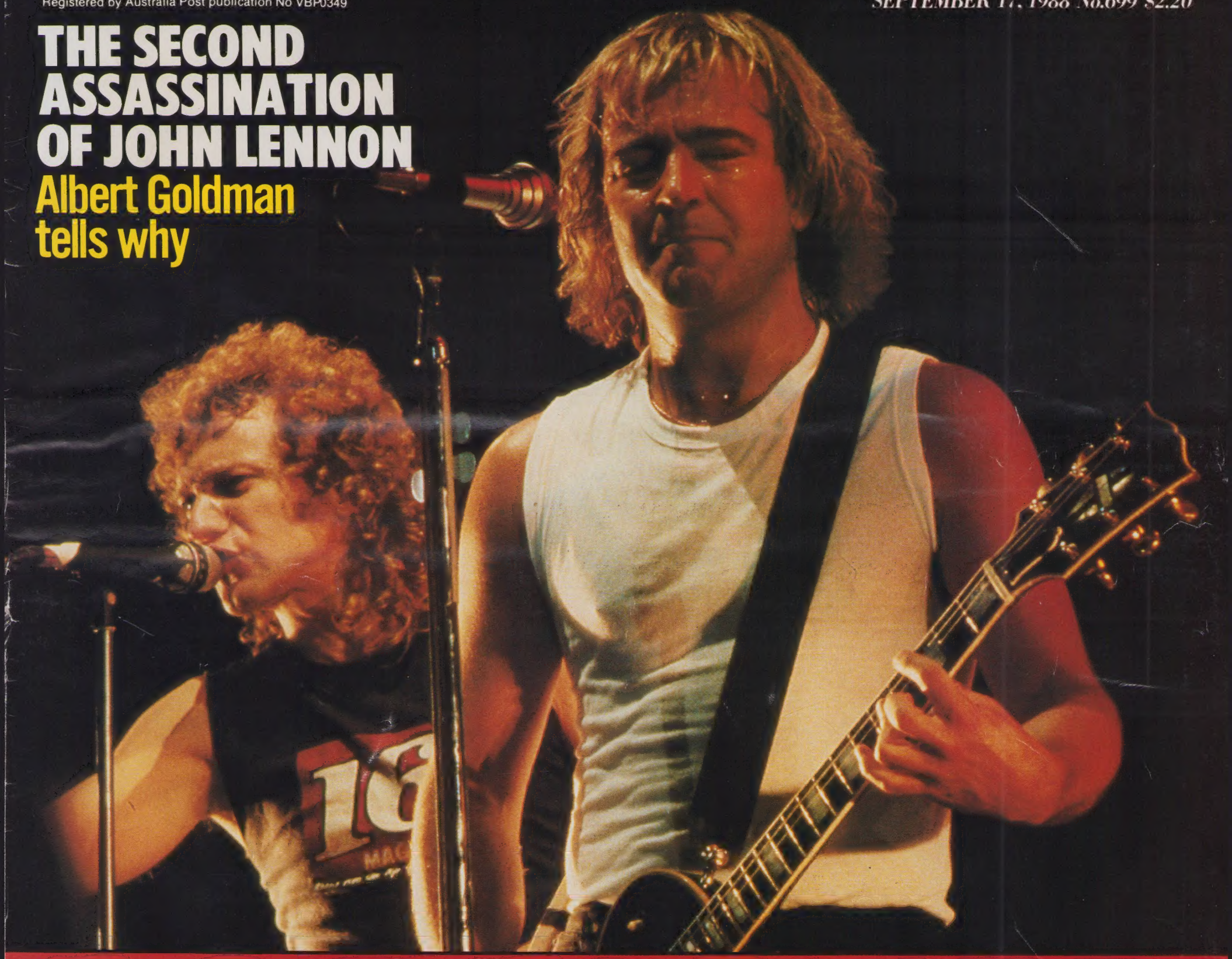
THE SECOND ASSASSINATION OF JOHN LENNON

Albert Goldman tells why

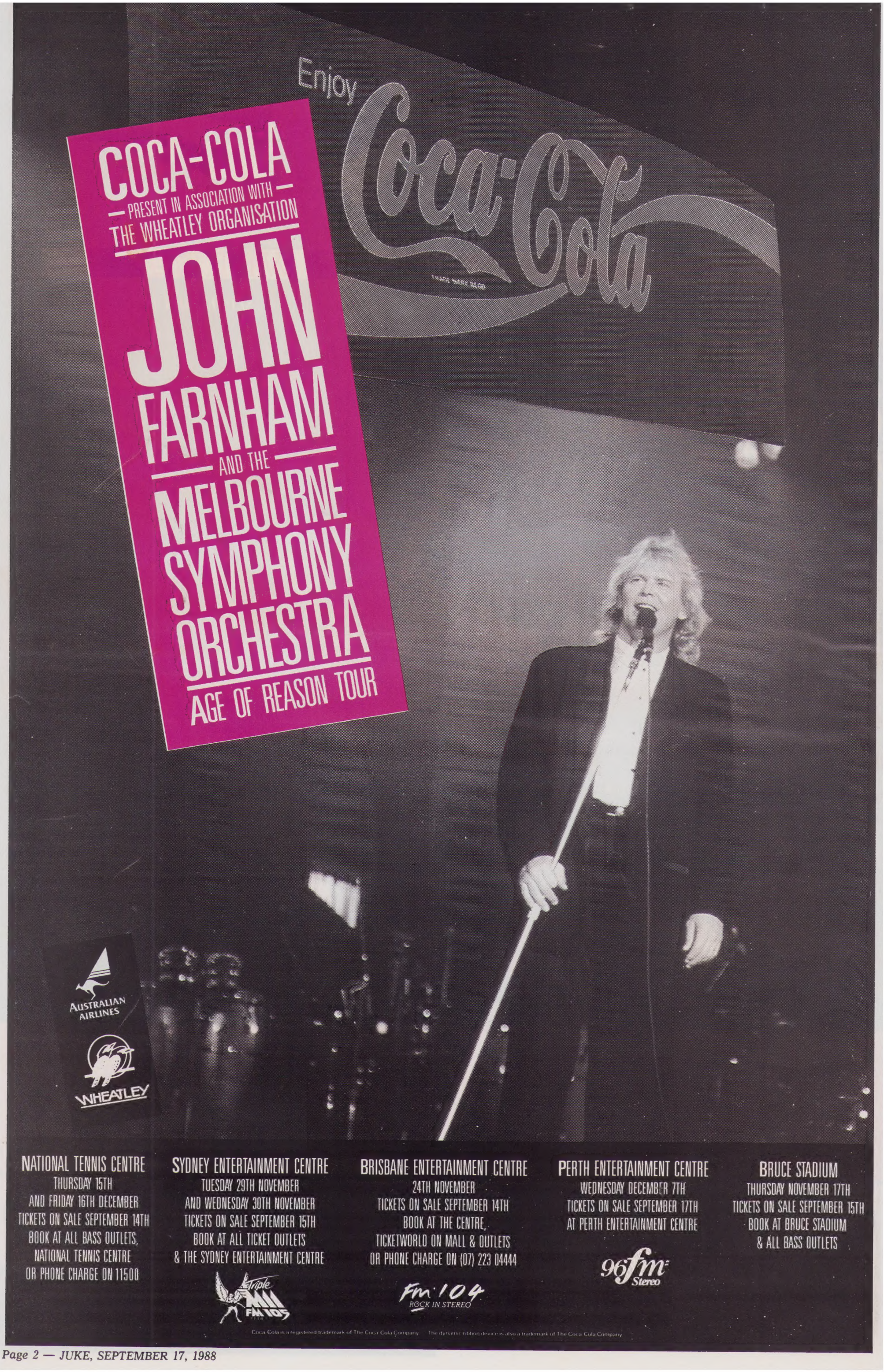


FOREIGNER

COME OUT OF THE COLD

Mick Jones tells why

PLUS: Bon Jovi • The Johnnys • "Hairspray" Go 101 • Yello • Big Pig live • DRI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BON JOVI LAUNCH THEIR NEW LP

EXACTLY TWO years after the release of *'Slippery When Wet'*, Bon Jovi held a launch party at New York's Roseland Ballroom to celebrate follow-up *New Jersey*.

Over those two years they've moved into the multi-million selling league (17 million to be precise), so there was no expense spared as international journalists gathered for a press conference with the band — the event being relayed by satellite to eleven similar parties across the States.

The album, out this week overseas was produced by Bruce Fairbairn and features ten new songs: 'Lay Your Hands On Me', 'Bad Medicine', 'Born To Be My Baby', 'Living In Sin', 'Blood On Blood', 'Wild Is The Wind', 'Ride Cowboy Ride', 'I'll Be There For You', ''99 In The Shade' and 'Love For Sale'.

On first hearing there are no great surprises — apart from an Eastern-style feel to the Beatle-y 'I'll Be There For You', and the upbeat blues 'n' rockabilly of the closing track.

Overall though it's mainly composed of those classic air-punching Bon Jovi anthems.

At the conference, they were quizzed about the album's title.

Jon: ''Well, it was gonna be called *'Sons Of Beaches'*, but we realised that record stores might have a problem with that. In the end we decided that all we are is a rock 'n' roll band from New Jersey (aaw!) . . . ''

So how is the New Jersey attitude transformed onto record?

Tico: ''It's a New Jersey vibe. It's from the heart.''

And did they test this album out on the kids, as they did with *Slippery . . .* ?

Jon: ''We got about 50 kids in the studio and played them everything. We'd originally thought about doing a double album. That didn't come off, but we still had a lot of songs, so the kids were very helpful. There were a couple of songs that wouldn't have made it onto the album without them'' (he isn't specific about which ones).

How different was it recording this time round?

Richie: ''We went in with the same team, but with a whole lot of experience behind us. We're better players, a better band this time around.''

How about pressure following up *Slippery . . .* ?

Jon (twitching theatrically): ''What pressure? Of course — are you kidding? We were scared to shit! But we spent a lot of time demoing songs and in pre-production, and by the time we got to Vancouver we felt that this was the best album we could make without taking four years to do it.''

Any social comments in it?

Jon: ''No. I'm not gonna write about the problems of the world. My philosophy on rock 'n' roll is that it's *entertainment*. People want to have fun when they listen to it. I just write my own personal stories. Things I think people can relate to.''

''If there's a theme running through the album, it's friendship, not love. We wrote it after spending 16 months on the road, so we're close as people, as well as musically. We've been through a lot this past four years and the record reflects that.''

And will there be a photo of the band on the album sleeve?

Jon: ''No. We're not on the front, or the back cover, even though the president of the record company begged and pleaded. It's just a blue marble effect with the band logo and the title on it.''

Any chance of Jon getting a haircut, as he threatened?

''Nah. I thought about it, but I kept putting it off, and in the end I changed my mind.''

How about wedding bells?

''Aah, the big 'M' word! No, believe me, these fingers are free — I'm available. I don't think there's a woman in the world who'd want me for more than ten minutes,'' he lies.

Okay, finally, how will they handle criticism that Bruce Springsteen is New Jersey's most famous son?

''He's not the only artist from New Jersey, you know. There's Sinatra, Kool And The Gang, Whitney Houston, and us. I don't think Springsteen has bought the state yet!''

Pulse

Guests drop in on INXS

Prime Minister Bob Hawke, tennis star Pat Cash and world motorcycle champion Wayne Gardiner all make guest appearances on an INXS TV special to be aired on Channel Ten this Thursday.

The special, entitled *INXS: In Search Of Excellence,* features on-the-road footage from their extensive world tour, including exclusive film from their mega-successful European jaunt.

The 90 minute special will also document the band's rise from being a little known Sydney pub band to their current star status. It includes revealing behind-the-scenes interviews with band members.

A spokesperson from Network Ten in Sydney, said last week that the docco sets out to discover why Michael Hutchence and the members of the band continue the arduous task of touring the world.

''The band's European tour took INXS to eight cities in 14 days,'' the spokesperson said. ''The production team spent three weeks with the group, filming them on stage and on the road. The result is unique film of INXS in concert and a rare insight into what goes on behind the scenes on a major international tour.''

The special — produced by Ten's **Nightshift** team — will be aired nationally at 9.30pm.

Meanwhile, ticket sales for next month's INXS tour have gone through the roof. In Melbourne alone it took only 26 minutes to sell out the band's show at the Melbourne Tennis Centre — which holds over 11,000 people! A

second show was announced and was also sold out. Only a few tickets are left for the band's third show at the stadium. Reports from other States tell similar stories.

In America recently, the band's US label, Atlantic, surprised the band by presenting them with an enormous cake — after their Nassua concert — to celebrate the multi-platinum sales of the *Kick* LP.

The US tour has seen some interesting visitors showing up at the gigs. Keith Richards turned up at the band's sell-out Madison Square Gardens show in New York and went backstage to meet the band afterwards. Billy Joel and Christine Brinkley were also keen to meet the band and joined Keefie in the queue at the backstage door.

The band's world tour take them to Japan early next month, for their fourth tour there. The Budokan stadium was sold-out on the first day of ticket sales, as were gigs in Osaka and Kokaido.

Hard-Ons blow-out US

The Hard-Ons have had to cancel their US tour after only 12 shows and return to Australia because a father of one of the band's members is seriously ill.

The band eventually played 57 shows on their extensive tour, which covered two continents, taking in dates in England, Ireland, Wales, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium, France and the US.

The band's LP *Dickcheese* peaked at number 5 on the English *NME* indie chart, whilst *The Worst Of The Hard-Ons* (released here — as *Hot For Your Love, Baby* went Top 20 in both the *NME* and *Melody Maker* independent charts.

Whilst *NME* said '' . . . the Hard-Ons wank all over the opposition'', *Sounds* was a little less complimentary, saying'' . . . (The Hard-Ons are) an idea that began and should have ended in a urinal'', before giving the band's *Dickcheese* LP a 'O' out of 10!

When Hard-Ons played at New York's New Music Seminar, Jello Bifra (Dead Kennedys),

Greg Ginn and Chuck Dukowski (Black Flag) and Ad Rock (Beastie Boys) showed up for a look. American MTV also caught the show and soon after added the band's videos ''Something About You'' and ''All Set To Go'' to their play list.

The band is now back in Sydney and are about to enter the studio to record a new 7'' single, after which they'll kick off a month of Australian dates, with a two-night stint at the Sydney Trade Union Club on Sepember 30 and October 1.

Gene kisses and tells

Gene Simmons of Kiss says that he's made love to 3,000 girls — and that he's writing a no holds barred book on them!

So how does he remember all of them?

It's been a much known fact that Simmons used to keep polaroid shots of all the groupies he spent time with.

''I keep good records'' he confesses. ''On the back of the pictures there are cities, names and dates. Some people collect stamps . . .''

But won't some of the ladies concerned, get a bit miffed about the book?

''Some will like it, some won't. I'll protect their privacy. Some like the notoriety, some will not be mentioned. It's all about respect!

''Guys grow up with guys, they never get to hang out with girls. Just because they can run faster, they judge them by male criteria. However, the fact that I look upon women as totally

me equal, mentally or in other ways, doesn't mean that I don't want to f--k them!

''That's the highest form of flattery. I don't want to f--k my enemies!''

Fenster hit the road

Schnell Fenster, the latest off-shoot from the talent-filled remnants of Split Enz, will be taking their show on the road in late September and October.

The tour will coincide with the release of the band's debut LP *The Sound Of Trees.* The first single from the LP, a track called "Whisper" was released last month and made quite an impact, receiving widespread and airplay and critical acclaim. The second single "Love Hate Relationship" was released last week.

The Sound Of Trees LP is the end result of more than two years' work by the band, which was formed through a series of casual jams among old friends Phil Judd, Noel Crombie and Nigel Griggs (all ex-Split Enz) and Michael den Elzen — young Melbourne guitarist.

Of the 12 tracks on *The Sound Of Trees,* nine were produced by the band. The other three tracks were produced in conjunction with Langer and Winstanley; who are one of the UK's most successful production teams. Their credits include Madness, Elvis Costello, David Bowie and Hothouse Flowers.

Live dates for Schnell Fenster are:

September
16, 17 — The Club, Melbourne
21 — The Palace, Melbourne
22 — Mentone Hotel, Melbourne
23 — Royal Hotel, Drouin, NSW
24 — Central Club, Melbourne
30 — Dee Why Hotel, Sydney

October
1, 2 — Kardomah Hotel, Sydney
7 — Checkpoint Charlie's, Melbourne
8 — Corner Hotel, Melbourne
13-16 — Adelaide (venues TBA)
19-23 — Melbourne (venues TBA)

• **See exclusive preview of the band's new LP on Pg 18.**

BARBED WIRES

Edited by **CHRISTIE ELIEZER**

Have you ever seen such a motley wedding party? Robert Smith broke out his best runners for the big event, while his friend at far left settled for a windcheater, tied fashionably around the waist. Smith's bride, Mary Poole, looks suitably impressed.

This week's No-We-Ain't-Splitting-Stupid story is **Style Council** who deny all, after an English newspaper announced **Paul Weller** was breaking up the band to spend more time with his baby by **Dee C. Lee.**

• While holidaying in sunny Barcelona, **Go-Betweens** bassist **John Wilstead** was mugged at knife point and robbed of $400. Save your sympathy instead for his travelling companion — it was her money he was carrying.

• **Peter Morton,** founder of the successful Hard Rock Cafes around the world, is flying into the country later in the month to work out negotiations to open up a Cafe in East Sydney in January.

Meantime, **INXS** headline a TV special at the LA Hard Rock Cafe to raise money for the homeless. A Hard Rock Cafe will be constructed at Universal Studios and will seat 5,000 people. The show will be broadcast to an estimated 30 million. Compared by **Dan Ackroyd,** the show also stars **Paul Simon, John Mellencamp** and **Ziggy Marley.** The show will be shown in Oz at a later date.

Speaking of INXS, in Australia they moved 80,000 tickets on the first day of sales, and their first Melbourne show sold out in 25 minutes.

• It's official: **Mark Callaghan** has quite **Gang Gajang** and putting his own band together to promote his upcoming solo LP *Sailors And Mermaids.* Gajang is still on its sabbatical, and won't reunite for projects until late next year.

• In the heavy rock circles, **Dio's** lost **his guitarist Craig Goldie** while the **Vinnie Vincent Invasion** has had a shakeup with the departure of bassit **Dana Strum.**

• To get ready for upcoming dates, **Billy Idol's** given up drinking and smoking and working out daily in the gym. He's also bought an apartment in LA which must suggest he's trying to break into films.

• **Jane Wiedlin** was shooting a video on the crater of a volcano when the damn thing decided to erupt! She had to be winched away pronto by a helicopter.

• Mushroom Records have signed up **Yothu Yindi,** a Koori band whose new drummer is none other than **Bart Willoughby** from **No Fixed Address.** They'll be doing no Oz shows for the time being. This week they jet off to Seoul where they play at the opening ceremony at the Olympic Games, and then tour with **Midnight Oil** through Canada, Hawaii and parts of the States. (yeah, yeah, we know Hawaii is part of the States, put yer pens down).

Yothu Yindi is Aboriginal for **Mother And Son.**

• **Jimmy Barnes** currently recording his next LP in Sydney with **Dave Thoener.**

• Perth's **Frames** have reformed after three years.

• **New Christs** gearing up for Sydney shows to coincide with the local release of their *Divine Rites* LP, which was issued o/s during their first European tour where they played 50 dates in 60 days. *Divine Rites* features the four songs from the "Dropping Like Flies" double 7" pack and a remixed "Black Hole" and "Addiction".

• Three shows in the UK — two in London, another at Manchester, — drew 200,000 people to see **Pink Floyd,** resulting in three of their LPs jumping back into the Top 100 in that country.

• Sydney's **Mortal Sin** currently winding up their next LP under the production auspices of **Randy Burns,** who twiddled the knobs for **Megadeth's** *Peace Sells.*

• **California Girls:** following on from **Ziggy Marley, Julian Lennon** and **Jason Bonham,** the two daughters of **Brian Wilson** are getting into the act.

The Amnesty world tour kicked off in London on September 2. Pictured at the opening concert are Bruce Springsteen, Tracey Chapman, Youssou N'dour and Sting. The six-week tour is scheduled for 20 cities on five continents.

Undaunted by the fact Wilson's wife and her sister tried to cash in on the Sand Kid's name and failed in the early '70s, Brian's daughters **Carnie** and **Wendy** have teamed up with **Chynna Phillips** (product of **John'n'Michelle** of the **Mamas & Papas)** to make an LP with producer **Richard Perry.**

Both Chynna and Carnie also get to play lead roles in the upcoming movie *California Dreamin'* based on Michelle's autobiography, about her days with the Mamas & Papas and attempt to break into acting.

Chynna plays the role of her own mum, while Carnie plays big fat **Cass Elliott** who reportedly died in a London hotel room after choking to death on a ham sandwich. Ironically, Carnie is a very good friend of Cass' own daughter **Owen.**

• **Robert Palmer** laughingly tells of how **Prince** sent him a song for possible inclusion in his *Heavy Nova* LP . . .a girl wearing stilletos "and not much else" brought the tape around!

After all that, Palmer thought the song too rude lyrically.

• **Deadly Hume** live LP coming our way soon . . .

• You'd think that after having no hits for years, **Simon "Seaspray" Le Bon** would drop the popstar antics. He, his wife and some others made a ruckus in a London restaurant and were told to shut up by the waiter.

The Duran Duran singer then spied an Arab couple seated at a near-by table minding their own business, and turned his terminal unpleasantness towards them. He asked the Arab chap if he wouldn't mind selling his wife. The shaky sheik thought that was so rib-tickling that he broke a glass and rushed towards the Le Bon table with considerable menace. Quick intervention by the waiters headed him off at the pass, and prevented Le Bon from being shish-kebab'd.

• US guitar boys **Dumptruck** sued for $15 million by their US label for failing to deliver an album.

• While languishing in jail for drug offences, **Ike Turner** is adamant that the world is going to be inflicted with his plight by recording a LP, called *My Confessions.*

• Canberra's **Marillion-/Rush** type outfit **Matrix** have settled on yet another bass-player, this one called **Dave Girvan.** The band's been seeking a permanent bass-plucker since returning to gigging earlier this year.

• **Wa Wa Nee's** drummer **The Sween** ran into a hot problem recently — a fire surged through his house in Surry Hills, Sydney, and burned most of his possessions. Just grateful that his most precious possession — to wit, his drum kit — was not affected as it was in the studios where the band's recording a LP. The Sween is currently laid up in hospital.

• No, no, despite what you might read in some daily newspapers, **Tiffany** isn't dating her 50-year-old manager, she's dating the fellow's *son,* who's in his late teens.

Speaking of cradle-snatchers, however, 42-year old **Cher** has booted out her 24-year-old toyboy lover **Rob Cameletti** after she discovered he was playing around. "He wasn't the best lover I had" she spat venom "but I trusted him more than anyone else I've known. Now he's betrayed me."

Also on the topic, the former **Mrs Bruce Springsteen** has filed for divorce claiming "irreconcilable differences". She's also demanding Bruce pays her a monthly sum to keep her.

• **Tracy Chapman's** self titled debut LP has become the first folk LP to top the American charts since the folk boom of the late '50s and early '60s, when **The Kingston Trio** and **Peter Paul & Mary** continually hit No 1.

Since then, there have been a lot of folk albums but none of them hit No 1. Even the biggest folkie of the lot **Bob Dylan** didn't get to top spot until 1974, by which time he'd left folk far behind and turned electric. Other folk affliated artists have enjoyed great popularity but never got to No 1. The highest **Joni Mitchell** got to was No 2 and similarly went **Harry Chapin** (no 4) **Judy Collins** (No 5) **The Limeliters** (No 5) **Joan Baez** (No 7) **Suzanne Vega** (No 11) and **Joan Armatrading** (No 28).

Both Chapman's LP and "Fast Car" single looks 90% certain to be nominated for Grammy awards, and the hot tip is she'll win Best New Artist.

• An anti-violence record *DC Don't Stand For Dodge City* has been made by a group of Washington DC go-go musicians recording under the banner Go-Go Posse.

Names on the disc include **Chuck Brown, Sugar Bear** of **EU, Benny Harley** of **Little Benny & The Masters,** and **Andrew Johnson** of **Rare Essence.**

• **Jimmi Sommverville** of **The Communards** is on holiday "backpacking" through Central America.

• Currently touring through the States, **The Sugarcubes** stopped over at a truck stop. Cute singer **Bjork** asked for some wine and refused, by the waitress who claimed she was no more than 18. Rather than be flattered by this compliment, the singer threw such a tantrum that she got the girl sacked.

• **Sam Fox** was visiting her parents when she discovered a dog in the backyard. She decided to "adopt it" — and the pooch thanked her by running into the house and crapping on the living room carpet!

She later discovered that the dog belonged to **Brinsley** from **Aswad** and duly returned it to its owner *(Haven't we got anything more interesting than this? — ed).*

• While **Bomb The Bass** were shooting their new video, some idiot accidentally let off a distress flare. Since these are only supposed to be used by people lost at sea, the flare made a mess, blowing a hole in the ceiling, wrecking the studio and covering everything in orange dye.

• Melbourne's Polyester Records is putting together a compilation LP under the title *Attack Of The Killer Tomatos.* Names already appearing include **The Dockers, Billy Baxter, Johnny Topper, Bohdan, Running Joak, The Love Beads, Wet Ones, Hot Bagels** and **Shower Scene From Psycho,** whose wild version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog" was reportedly rejected from Au Go Go's **Stooges** compilation for being too funny.

If you want your tapes considered for inclusion, write to the label at 330 Brunswick St, Fitzroy, Vic or ring them and pester them on (03) 419 5137.

• It could well be a "war" between **John Farnham** and **Jimmy Barnes** over the summer . . .a war to sell rival soft drinks.

Farnham of course plugs Coca-Cola. Since then Pepsi's been angling for a powerful enough rival. Apparently they first approached **INXS** who thought it didn't suit their image. Pepsi is not making an official announcement for a week or two yet, but the hot tip is that it's Barnes who's scored the million-dollar deal.

Australians spend $800 million on cola soft drinks over the next 12 months — and Coca Cola has got 85% of that market. No wonder Pepsi is exasperatedly getting into the aggressive marketing.

• **Status Quo** are the latest to play Moscow; however while those like **Elton, Joel** and **UB 40** have played one or two shows at the city, the veteran British boogie boys did a two-week stint at the 17,000-capacity Olympic Stadium.

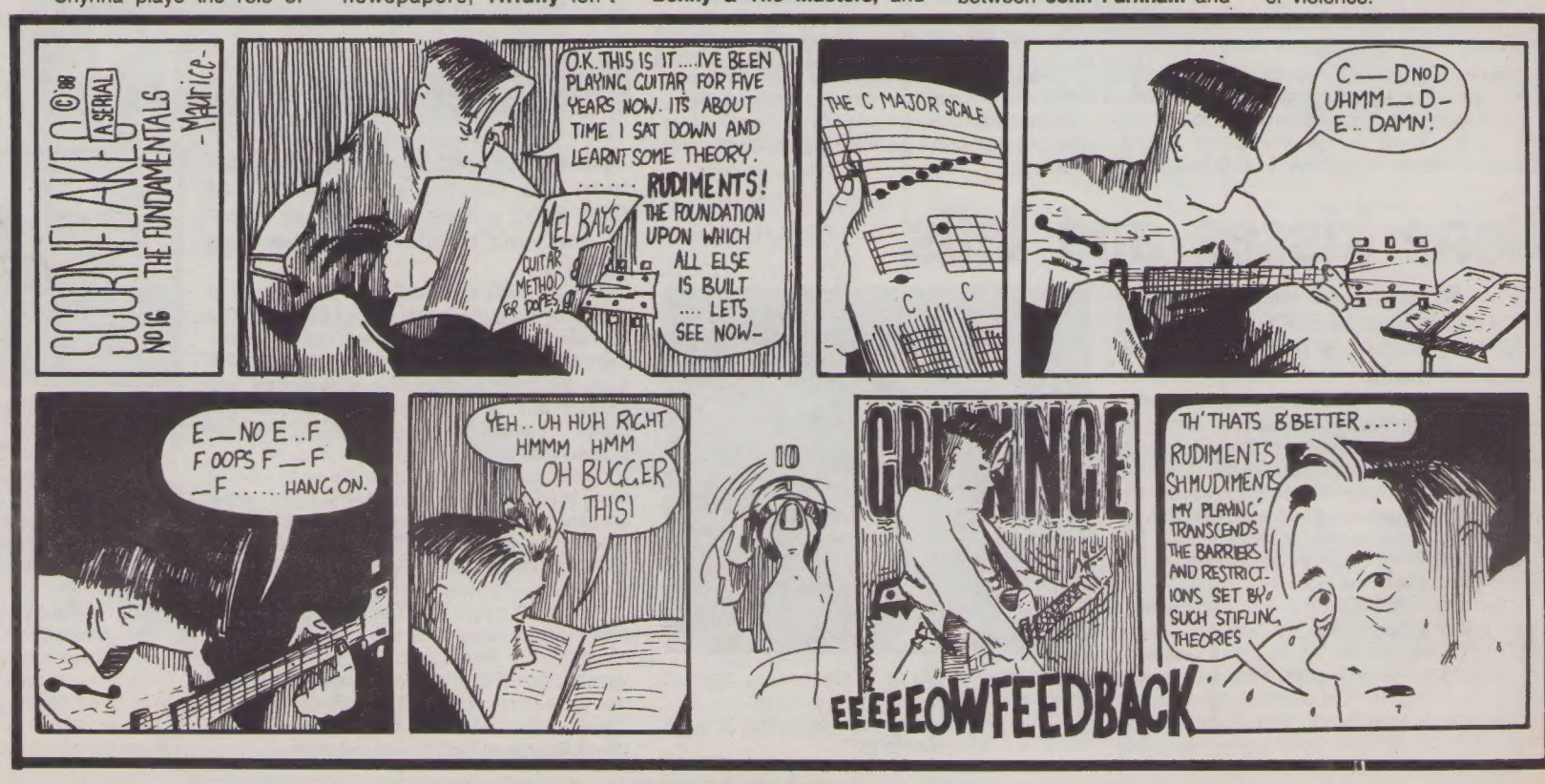
Fans paid eight roubles ($16) each: unlike their British counterparts who turned up greasy and denimed, the Russians wore their best, sat impassively for the first few numbers and then stood up and clapped. Two girls who danced in the aisles were carted off to the saltmines by the cops but apparently Russia is opening up more and more to Western acts.

• **Quote of the week,** from **Joe Cocker,** when asked by *Good Morning Australia's* **Kerri-Anne Kennerley** if it was difficult touring sober.

Replied Joe "It takes a little longer!"

• While twin sister **Sherine** breaks the world market with **Big Pig, ex-I'm Talking** singer **Zan** is currently in LA recording a solo single for international release.

• After so many complaints about 'bully bouncers' at Melbourne clubs — ranging from between one to four incidents per week — a crack team has been set up to cruise around the clubs to check for bouncer violence.


SCORNFLAKES © '88
A SERIAL
No 16 THE FUNDAMENTALS
-Maurice-
O.K. THIS IS IT....IVE BEEN PLAYING GUITAR FOR FIVE YEARS NOW. ITS ABOUT TIME I SAT DOWN AND LEARNT SOME THEORY.
..... RUDIMENTS! THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH ALL ELSE IS BUILT .... LETS SEE NOW-
MEL BAYS GUITAR METHOD FOR DOPES
THE C MAJOR SCALE
C
C
C — D NO D UHMM — D- E.. DAMN!
E — NO E..F F OOPS F — F — F ..... HANG ON.
YEH.. UH HUH RIGHT HMMM HMM OH BUGGER THIS!
10
CRUNCH
EEEEEOWFEEDBACK
TH' THATS B'BETTER.....
RUDIMENTS SHMUDIMENTS MY PLAYING TRANSCENDS THE BARRIERS AND RESTRICTIONS SET BY SUCH STIFLING THEORIES

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ROTH'N'ROLL: HE'S ON HIS WAY!

The much rumoured David Lee Roth dates were finally announced last week, by Gary Van Egmond promoters.

October 12 — Melbourne Tennis Centre
October 15 — Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
October 18 — Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 19 — Canberra Bruce Stadium
October 22 — Brisbane Entertainment Centre

Meantime in the aftermath of the Castle Donington tragedy — when two men died and several were injured in the crush of fans in front of the stage, Roth angrily denies suggestions that his behaviour had contributed to the chaos.

"I'm sick to my stomach about this," said Roth from Finland, where he is on tour.

"I did everything I could to calm things down. I didn't even know there had been any serious casualties until I arrived here in Finland the day after the show. The deaths happened two and a half hours before my set but for some reason I seem to be getting a lot of the blame."

Press reports suggested that Roth refused to stop his set and when stewards tried to warn him that more fans were being crushed he told them to "Get the f..k off my stage."

But Roth told *Juke* "I did stop my set. I stopped for five minutes and there's a video of the whole concert that will clearly show that I did.

"The problem was that it was chaos up there. There'd been all sorts of people jumping on stage all afternoon. But when I realised there was a real problem I stopped the set. I told the audience can you please move back- . . . eventually I had to shout MOVE YOUR ASSES to try to shock them into moving.

"I could see the ambulance people were pulling kids out of the crowd and I didn't resume the set until I got the signal that everything was OK.

"When you've got over 100,000 people out there things are bound to get chaotic. They were having to pull kids out of the crowd all day long, including during IRON MAIDEN's set, but I'm sad and baffled that I seem to have been singled out for blame."

An inquest is to be held into the deaths of the two fans who died during Guns 'N' Roses' set. The Monsters of Rock Festival at Donington, which also featured Kiss and Iron Maiden, was the biggest in the nine-year history of the event, with an estimated crowd of 107,000.

TAV FALCO TOO!

Tav Falco and The Panther Burns, who snuck quietly into Australia for dates early last year, will be touring again next month.

The Memphis band received rave reviews for the '87 shows, which lived up to the band's reputation for outrageous performances and a penchant for ephemeral rock'n'roll imagery. Last year the shows were opened by Tav Falco riding a Harley motorbike through the club, to the stage — and concluded with Falco flat on his back, playing guitar on the dance floor!

The band will be touring to promote their latest LP release *Red Devil*.

DATES ARE:
October 11 — Canberra (venue TBA)
October 12 — Wagga (venue TBA)
October 13 — Chasers, Melbourne
October 14 — Prince Of Wales Hotel, Melbourne
October 15 — Old Greek Theatre, Melbourne
Brisbane dates have yet to be announced.

CHILLS

New Zealand's Chills will be playing three shows in Australia, as a stopover to their forthcoming US jaunt.

The Chills attracted a lot of interest during a brief tour here earlier this year.

DATES:
October 6 — Chasers, Melbourne
October 7-8 — Kardomah Cafe, Sydney

BROS

Full Bros dates have been announced for late October and early November.

The teen trio, consisting of Matthew and Luke Goss and their friend Craig Logan, have been causing hysteria among female fans in Britain and tight security is expected to surround their arrival in Australia, where the band has a huge following of young girls.

The band has had three hit singles and a Top-5 LP called *Push*, which bore "When Will I Be Famous", "Drop The Boy" and "I Owe You Nothing".

DATES:
October 28 — National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 31 — Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 3 — Sydney Entertainment Centre

Slayer fans battle cops

Three Slayer fans were arrested and charged with "assault with a deadly weapon" after a battle broke out between fans and police during and after the American speed metal band's show at the Hollywood Palladium.

The show had been sold out by 6pm the evening before, and the promoter had gone on a local radio show to announce this, and to warn people not to bother to come down to the Palladium.

However, just before the show, 200 ticketless teenagers had congregated outside, trying to buy tickets from passers-by, or, as the promoter later said, "just hanging out to cause hassles".

At 9.30pm, about 40 riot-equipped policemen (complete with helicopter circling the skies) turned up and announced that nobody else was to enter the Palladium. This included fans who had tickets but were still stuck in the crowd outside.

Skirmishes began outside. Fans battled with hall security, with some kicking in the Palladium's plate glass doors. Others started to throw rocks and bottles at the police; an unconfirmed report stated that one idiot tried to run a cop over in his van.

The three were arrested, and the incidents received a lot of attention on the night's news.

As a result, the promoter has decided he will no longer be running speed metal shows in the theatre, although heavy rock acts are still OK.

Ex-Velvet get together

Ex-Velvet Underground members Lou Reed, John Cale and Mo Tucker are soon to be working together again.

Both Cale and Tucker will be making guest appearances on Reed's new LP which he has just started recording, say sources in America.

And after the LP's completion, Reed and Cale are to team-up to work on a musical project about the life of Andy Warhol.

The pair reunited at Warhol's funeral and plan to link up with the Brooklyn Academy of Music to present the 'music project' live in New York.

Exact details of what this will entail have yet to be announced.

A legendary '60s psychedelic group, The Velvets have inspired several generations of bands, including present-day heroes like the Jesus And Mary Chain. A one-time member of the band, Nico, died last month.

Bikers guarding concerts?

A controversy has broken out in Canada after it was discovered that motorcycle gang members have been hired as security guards at rock concerts.

The bombshell was dropped during an inquest into the death of 14-year-old Benji Hayward who was found drowned in Lake Ontario in early May, five days after he took LSD during a Pink Floyd concert at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium.

Sgt. James Lee, a member of the Toronto police force, told the inquest that at least 15 to 25 names on the security guards employed by Concert Productions International (the people who put on the Floyd show) were either former or current members of bike clubs.

CPI had hired the Satan's Choice gang for a show in '83 to control the crowd while another promoter had paid the Paradise Riders club for the same purpose.

CPI's reply to the charge was that it was "astonished".

That evening, TV shows lashed out at the practise, saying it was "disgusting" that "gangs who think themselves a law unto themselves should be asked to maintain the law."

In the '80s, bikers clubs have cleaned up their act and come across as responsible citizens who do community work.

But the stink was caused by the fact the bulk of the security rests only on those hired by the concert promoters. The police are there only to back up the security and make arrests if possible. The fact that the members of the bike clubs had no formal training in crowd control was one dangerous factor, the papers reported.

Janz win the first final

Australia's entrant in the Juke/Yamaha international contest for unsigned bands — Melbourne's Janz — have won the Oceania Final of the competition.

Janz took first place over Indonesian band Emerald and Hong Kong's Dame's Band, at the final which was staged at the Queen Elizabeth stadium, Hong Kong. Bands from the Phillipines, Taiwan, Singapore and Malaysia, also competed in the final.

Janz now move on to the World Final, to be held at Japan's Budokan Stadium on October 30.

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The Second Assassination

David Horowitz in New York speaks to ALBERT GOLDMAN about his hatchet - job book

While a couple of generations of enraged Beatles' fans currently damn him for the way he portrays one of rock's most cherished leaders in his new book *The Lives Of John Lennon,* Professor Albert Goldman remains unrepentant. He is almost understanding that people will want to punch him out if they recognise him in the street.

But after spending the last six years doing 1200 interviews, he feels qualified to stand by what he claims in his book. He expects the hysteria because he says we all have our images of John and want to cherish them as an essential part of our growing up.

Since that image is cracked, once someone paints another picture, our reaction is to be aggressive.

Goldman, one time Professor of English Literature at Columbia University has the reputation of being rock's major hatchet man. The book he did on Elvis Presley some years ago caused a similar storm of protest.

Does he do it to be controversial to:

(a) sell more books? "Bad press isn't good for sales. Nobody wants to hear their hero ain't no hero. Only a limited amount of people will read it out of curiosity, the rest have made up their minds they'll have nothing to do with it."

(b) tear down rock heroes? "The Lennon book wasn't intended to come out this way at all! After the Elvis book left such a bad taste in my mouth, I turned to John Lennon because he was a favourite of mine, and I wanted to do someone who'd show me and my writing in a different kind of light.

"I got interested in Lennon bcause I admired him so much. But the more I got into the project, the more dismayed I became because I was discovering similar things about him that I'd discovered about Elvis. I mean, obviously the similarities are there. They were both momma's boys — they were withdrawn, melancholic people with a lot of hang-ups, both looking for powerful dominating people who'd run their lives for them. Both were unfulfilled by success — both drifted into drugs, both thought of themselves as messiahs who'd return one day.

"I thought 'oh no, this Lennon book's going to cause the same scandal as the Elvis book when it's supposed to be totally different!'"

You'd think it'd be hard to do a hatchet job on the former leader of The Beatles. Lennon enjoyed an honest relationship with his fans, through his interviews and his music. He never lied about his early hooligan days, nor his drug days or the time be turned his back on music to look after his son.

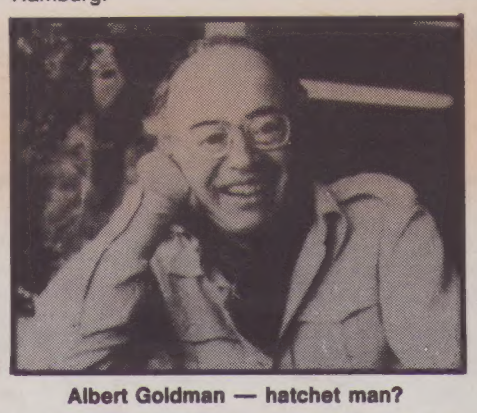
Goldman contends that Lennon was a far more violent person in real life, and that the househusband days were just a lie. Rather, he was used by Yoko Ono to further her career. She made all the major decisions in the household. At a time in the early '80s when it looked as though John had become friends with Paul McCartney again and might start writing together, she soon put a stop to that.

Goldman also alleges that it was Yoko, using her contacts in customs in Japan, who engineered Paul's drug bust at Tokyo airport. The warders tormented Paul in jail, by insisting that he keep singing "Yesterday" over and over — something which John used to chuckle about.

Lennon's music always painted him as a dissatisfied man, seeking some kind of truth. Goldman analyses and dissects every aspect of his life, to such an extent it reads like a psychiatrist's report. He details the psychotic violence, the drug addiction, the whimsical self-indulgence and absurd obsession with every sort of spiritual faker.

(1) Lennon had the secret fear that it was he who killed original Beatle Stu Sutcliffe. The latter, the best looking of the four, died of a brain haemorrhage — as is well known. What is not known is that John secretly felt that he caused it after kicking him in the head during a fight.

Such as Lennon's violence that he also believed he killed a German sailor whom the Beatles mugged when they were down and out in Hamburg.



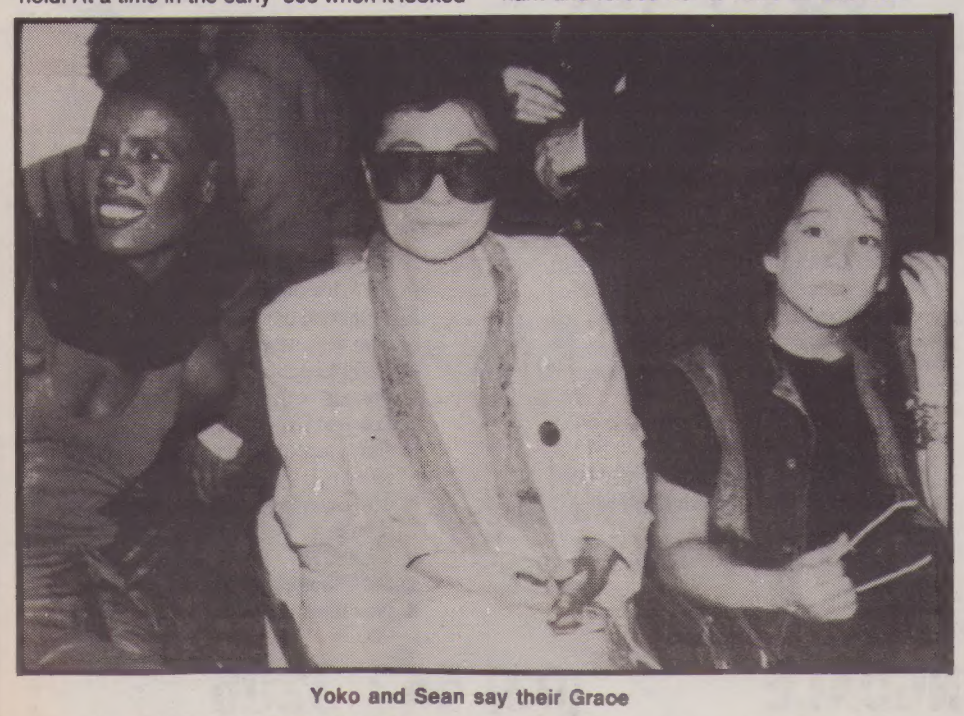
Albert Goldman — hatchet man?

(2) John had a homosexual relationship with original Beatles' manager Brian Epstein. It started in mid-1963 when Cynthia Lennon was still in hospital recovering from the birth of Julian. Both John and Brian went off to holiday in spain.

In fact, the two were once caught by Brian's mother Queenie.

Epstein's homosexuality was well-known in British music circles in the mid-60s, and kept quiet by the press because of the enmormous stature of the band. Epstein supposedly overdosed on pills and his body found one morning by friends in his home. According to Goldman, Epstein had not been alone when he died but with a Coldstream Guardsman (not named) and hushed up by his lawyer David Jacobs. Goldman hints that Jacobs was gay too and died 16 months later in a sado-masochistic ritual.

(3) Lennon got a local girl in Hamburg pregnant and forced her to have an abortion.



Yoko and Sean say their Grace

Was Lennon's murder instant karma?

(4) The Beatles were no good live and failed to sell out the stadiums they played in during their final US tour.

(5) The Beatles were not on pot and LSD when they made *Sgt Pepper* but on speedballs, "the classic mixture of cocaine and heroin".

(6) Yoko had a $5000-a-week heroin habit when they lived in the Dakota buildings in New York. In her first marriage, she was so unstable that she tried to kill herself, and had to be put into an institution.

The two met at a London art exhibition that Yoko held. They had sex three weeks afterwards, not 18 months as they maintained. From the very first, Yoko engineered it so that John's fame would help her career. In fact, the comeback LP *Double Fantasy* was more for her career than his.

John also paid more to Yoko's first husband Tony Cox to end her marriage than he did to divorce Cynthia.

(7) There's absolutely no love lost between Yoko and Paul. He did write "Get Back" for her, staring vehemently at her when they sang the title of the song during rehearsals. She in turn engineered his 1980 drug bust by informing a friend at Tokyo customs that he was sure to be bringing in dope.

(8) John could not bear Sean to kiss him.

(9) Yoko was obsessed with magic and supernatural. The fact that she consulted astrologers before important business trips is well known, but according to Goldman, she once made a trip to South America to hunt down a witch. She requested protection from her enemies, good health for her baby, success for her career, success for her husband, success for their career together but not his career with anyone else.

She also arranged to have a Caesarean birth so that Sean would be born on John's birthday, believing that he would thus inherit John's soul when he died.

(10) Lennon agreed to finance a film crew being sent to cover the Monterey Pop Festival in California in 1967 . . . but only so they could smuggle in two pints of pure acid when they returned to London.

"One of the biggest reactions to the book is that Lennon the Man of Peace is painted as an ultra-violent man," says Goldman. "The fans see that as meaning he was an hypocritical man.

"On the contrary, he never spoke about peace the way a politican would. Instead he was saying 'violence is a terrible thing because I'm such a violent man'. He said that over and over again but no one remembers that. They just remember the slogans like 'give peace a chance' and take it on its face value. It is we who make it incongruous that a violent man could sing songs of peace; to Lennon it was a totally natural thing, because he never hid his murderous rages from himself.

"When he got into one of his rages, he could have murdered. He tried to strangle May Pang (a girlfriend) in the pool once, he lost his temper with Yoko and dragged her over to the stove and tried to set her hair on fire. He threatened his father Freddie, whom he hated because he abandoned him when he was three years old and then came back when he discovered his son was rich and successful. Freddie took the threats seriously enough to send a letter to his solicitor about the details to be opened if he died unnaturally.

"The thing is, John was also a man of remorse, he felt very guilty about his violence. He was obsessed about karma, instant karma, he felt he'd be murdered one day as a result of that violence. He wrote those peace songs to get it out of his system. All violent people with guilt complexes react that way.

"We like to remember John Lennon as a tough working-class hood who in his last years found peace and security as a father and husband. That was never true. I believed those stories but I soon found they were not the true story at all. He wasn't a sinner who became a saint. He was a sinner who neutralised his sinning: he never lost that violent streak, just tried to suppress it.

Goldman believes that the violence could have been genetic brain damage, which caused him to have fits, and also explaind his dyslexia and lack of manual dexterity.

He says that another feature of Lennon's character was that he was easily led. Yoko ran his life for him totally. In his Beatles' days, he was so gullible that people could lead him to anything — magic, Indian religion, primal therapy,, drugs, business investment — and he'd eagerly embrace it.

The reason for this, Goldman explains, is that he'd been brought up by his strict Aunt Mimi — and he ended up believing that submission meant security and protection. All his life he looked for things that could help him find that security, whether it be LSD or religion. He grew more desperate as fame proved empty and drugs made him more crazy. In anger he'd turn on people who "betrayed" him, whether it was accusing best friend Paul of stealing "Yesterday" from him, or writing "Sexie Sadie" accusing the Maharishi of being a phoney.

The book begins with a typical day at the Dakota apartments in December 1979. The drug runner arrives for Yoko's $5000-a-week dependence. John's in his rooms watching TV as usual, or wandering naked around the apartment indifferent to the nanny and Sean's playmates.

Doesn't Goldman feel the Lennons had the right to privacy in their own home?

"Public figures have no privacy, they sell themselves to the public, their entire fame and fortune is the public's gift and the public has the right to know. More so with John and Yoko who argued their life was art, and blurred any distinction between public and private.

"I mean, Lennon drew pictures of Yoko naked and put them up for sale, they posed nude for an album cover, they made a vido pretending to have sex . . . what is this concept of privacy? They chose to deny it, and they have to live by that.

Had Goldman ever met John or Yoko?

"Yes, in December '70 when John first came to New York. I was writing for the *New York Times* and we did an interview on their bed, he with a long beard and she with her face virtually covered with hair. He was articulate but you got the impression there was nothing behind the face, no emotion . . . they were on methadone, which accounted for why they seemed to be miles away."

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On yer bike!

The Johnnys come out with their six-guns a-blazin'

By Christie Eliezer

Radio's play-safe policy has robbed yet another Australian band of a richly deserved hit. This time it's The Johnnys' "Motorbikin'". It's a splendid slab of macho rock, the kind of get-yer-motor-runnin' road song we impulsively turn the trannie up for, the kind they don't seem to make much of these days.

The Johnnys themselves don't seem too crest-fallen or suicidal. Spencer Jones goes so far as to chuckle that since The Johnnys don't listen to commercial radio, they deserve what they get! That what-me-worry attitude they displayed when they burst onto the scene seven Novembers ago is as strong as ever.

Their attitude to this is: it'd be nice to have a hit, make the crossover into mainstream and bring more people to the shows. But as long as the alternative stations play it, that's OK. The Johnnys have had their ups and downs but never enough chart success to start grovelling and grabbing for mega-success. Or to start talking in terms of "permeating demographical barriers" (finding more suckers to buy your record) or "creating a chart advantage" (getting a hit and pissing off the other bands).

"We've got three weeks to go!" Spencer chuckles good naturedly, if mysteriously.

Huh?

"They think about playing your record for about six weeks or eight weeks. If they haven't programmed it by then, it's banished forever."

The song was written by English guitarist Chris Spedding as a solo single, and vroom-vroomed its way into the band's set a year ago. They got booked to play the Melbourne Hell's Angels annual bash at Broadford and decided to do a bikers song to commemorate the show. A friend had a copy of Spedding original so they learned it off the tape.

It went down so well with the crowd they decided to keep it in. It boosted their image in the eyes of the machos in their audience.

When it came to doing the video, a Sydney bike club lent them their huge choppers. The Johnnys are more skateboarders than bikers, so in the video they left the dangerous antics to the experts. What would have happened if they'd fallen over during the video shoot? They knew what would happen if they injured or even dented the bikies' beloved machines, and they didn't even want to think about the consquences!

Spedding himself was in Australia as a member of Jerry Harrison's Casual Gods, whom The Johnnys did some shows with. But he never got to hear them play it live.

"He was, uh, pretty busy when he was here, he did some sessions and stuff. He'd turn up to the gigs just in time for the Gods' set, which meant he'd never hear ours."

Spedding had in fact heard the Johnnys' version before he arrived. Their producer Ross Wilson was in New York recording his solo LP when Spedding dropped into the studio. Wilson told him about the version and gave him a copy.

"He didn't seem particularly enthusiastic initially" Spencer recalls "but the next day he was back, excitedly wanting to know who we were. I think he was hoping we are a big mega band in Australia and we'd make him a lot of money!"

Spencer Jones lives in a one-room apartment in Sydney. The living room features some of his most treasured possession.

There is an oil painting of his ultimate idol, Elvis. There is a row of plaster ducks on the wall (true!). There is a map of Australia on a wooden wall which features his huge spoon collection, a momento of every town he's visited. "It's quite kitsch and tasteless isn't it" he says cheerfully.

A recent addition is a framed gold record, a result of their New Zealand success.

It seems to be some kind of reward for what's been an unsettling year for the band. Jones refuses to be drawn into it, but you can read between the lines and piece together some storyline.

Basically, the new LP *Grown Up Wrong* was ready for issue late last year, then languishing under the splendid if sexist title of *Two Fat Ladies*.

Suddenly their record label Mushroom decided it was too close to Christmas to issue it, and pushed its release to March. The label hoped The Johnnys would have a hit by then. When that failed to materialise, the LP's release kept being delayed even further.

That seemed to have affected the band's internal workings. The band had hoped to tour through America and Japan when the LP was issued, and such a delay meant trudging wearily around Australia once more.

The shows they were playing in the first part of the year, tired and almost nonchalant, showed the stress. Suddenly Graham Hood left, and they brought in Michael Armiger. Surely a strange choice for a band like The Johnnys, on paper at least?

"Why do you say that? He used to be in the Allniters, and he's played with Paul Kelly, which Billy and I have done. We met him eight years ago in Melbourne when he was with 10,000 Guitars and we've remained good friends.

"There's usually a kind of camradarie among bands who've had their ups and downs, everyone's asking you what you're up to. He was with Johnny Kennedy's Love Gone Wrong, and we rang and asked if he'd come in with us, and he leaped at it.

"The fact that he's a bloody good drinker and a good pool player is a bonus. We looked at him, all skin and bones and though 'this bloke needs a few drinks in him to get some flesh on him' and we soon found he could more than hold his own!"

Armiger quickly made his presence felt. He brought in some fresh new songs like "I Read The Note" (a black humoured number about a hastily scrawled note which the reader thinks is a love letter when it is actually his lady telling him to get lost) and suddenly The Johnnys were playing wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am shows, full of the joy and infection of their early days.

How would Spencer look back on '88 — one of frustration?

"Well, the year's not over yet, is it" he neatly skirts around the issue. "I'm such a pessimist anyway, so when something does go well, then I can only be pleased by it. We're a band of idiots and we're probably surrounded by idiots, ha ha ha, so things take a year longer to happen.

"We're off to America in November, and I think we'll try to get to Japan in March. There's a lot of interest in us over there. They've put out a CD only of our records, so hopefully there'll be a bit of awareness of us over there."

The album was delayed further when a big question mark appeared over the original title of *Two Fat Ladies*. Both the band's producer and American label though it too sexist, and they finally opted to name it after one of the tracks, a cover of the old Rolling Stones track.

"By that stage I couldn't have cared what name it went out under. Call it *Fred*, call it *Ross Wilson Gets His Way*, just get it out there!"

The album is not only a good pounding unpretentious piece of music. It's got spirit, it lopes along at a nice pace, a perfect summer record.

On some of the tracks, they did overdubbing, bringing in a third guitar. Would Spencer like the idea of expanding The Johnnys to featuring three guitars?

"Ha, become the new Lynyrd Skynyrd! Yeah, we did overdub and it probably would be ball-busting to have three guitars attacking away, but if you get a full sound live, what's the point? Personally I'd prefer a piano player. I've got just the person in mind but he's not available. To me, Don Walker's a great piano player, can you imagine how terrific it'd be to hear him play along with The Johnnys, it'd be fantastic!"

Does he prefer the uptempo Stones stuff or the more country efforts like "Dead Flowers" and "Country Honk"?

"Hard to say, I don't associate them with a style, I associate them with a period. They went through their Renaisance period right until *Exile On Main Street* in 1972, and then cocaine took over and everything they put out after that's been garbage, save for a song here and there.

"I couldn't say they've been a great influence on me or The Johnnys, not the way Elvis was. Maybe they were a bigger model as naughty boys playing the blues, and I feel very much like an outlaw sometimes. The Johnnys really aren't in the music biz, we work on a circle of our own."

What does he think of new bands like Guns'n'Roses and LA Guns, who model themselves on the Stones' sleaze and decadence?

"Good luck, guys, you've got to really enjoy the music to hang in there. We keep doing it 'cos we love to play music, and we'll be quite happy to remain unsuccessful just as long as we can keep paying the rent! I mean, sometimes there's not much left over, and even though we're making money, there's still a debt from the past, a hire car we crashed and forgot all about!"

Was he fairly rebellious as a teenager?

"Slim and I were probably more the good kids who sat in our rooms learning to play the guitar, maybe some closet drinking but nothing serious. But Graham and Billy were a bit more extreme, they've got the police records to prove it! Mickey's probably a bad boy, too, you ought to see all the Armiger boys when they get together, it's like *Sons Of Katie Elder* all over again, hahahaha!"

Were people like "Middle Sized John" and "The Taller Man" real characters they hung out with?

"Well, they're all composites of people, fact and fiction combined. 'Middle Sized John' is about a bad gambler who's got a lot of luck, and we'd hang out with him 'cos we like people like that. The title's a bit hokum, because you've got the song 'Big Bad John' and there's Little John of Robin Hood fame, so we made up 'Middle Sized John'. Even 'Shameless Girl', even though we put her down, we'd hang out with her!

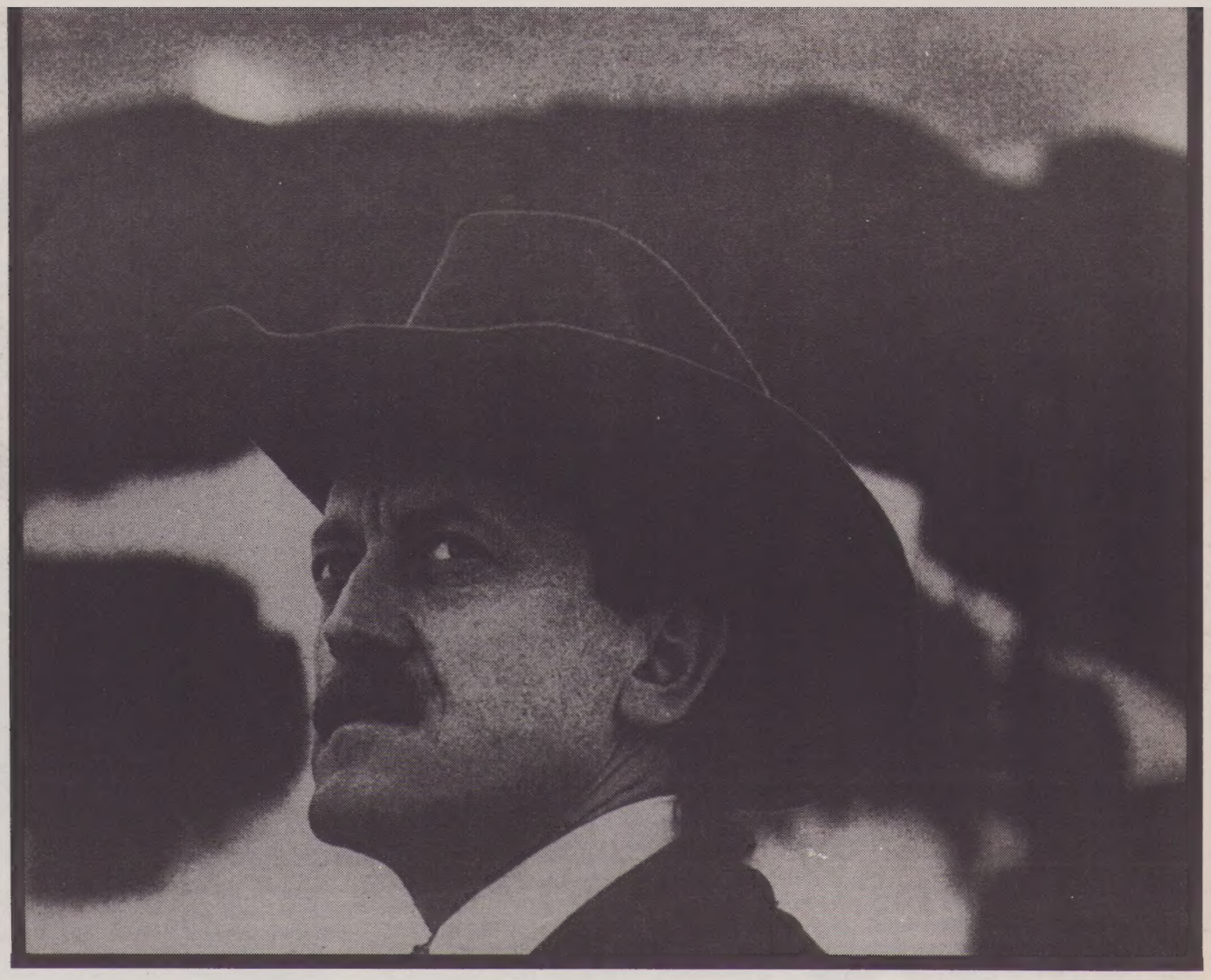
"But not 'The Taller Man', he's pretty unpleasant person, the song's telling our ladies to keep away from his type, it's the sort of song you write when you're miles away from your girlfriend and feeling very homesick."

Do The Johnnys thrive on being on the road?

"Yeah, we do, 'cos we just love to play. I remember when we went off the road last time, Billy said he got sick and tired of touring and went off to get a job in a record shop. But three weeks later he was back saying 'I hate it, I hate having to get up so early, when are we going back on the road!'

"We were so dumb and gullible when we first went on the road. It was a lot of fun memories, I s'pose, sleeping five to a room. One of us would score a girl, so the other four had to find other sleeping arrangements. Or we'd do something dumb like driving from Bundaberg (Queensland) after a show on Saturday night all the way to Sydney for a show on Monday night!

"It's totally crazy, right, but we'd do it. We'd stumble onto the stage, like zombies 'cos we'd just have had three hours' sleep'. But the great thing is, after the first two songs, the adrenalin would rush through your body, and you'd be playing music. You'd just forget how tired you were."



Ready for some cosmological issues as discussed by YELLO chief crazy Dieter Meier?

"Why should I remember my lyrics?"

"I was having dinner with Maria Callas, and she told me of a time when she was singing at Covent Gardens Opera House. She was sensational, and one night she had to come back for ten encores.

"Time after time he audience would get her back to sing some more but after ten she was absolutely exhausted. Instead of going off only to come back on again, she asked the audience, 'Well, what else would you like me to do?' And this Scotsman at the front shouted out: 'SHOW US YOUR TITS'!"

Dieter Meier is telling stories, short, entertaining stories of his past that he cannot but help share with anyone who comes by with a few spare moments and a willing ear.

He's a natural narrator, a compulsive fabulator distilling anecdotes from the chaotic background of his life, savouring each one for its individual taste and texture, and then letting it go in order to make way for the next. He isn't merely good company, the man is positively infectious.

He and his partner Boris Blank form the nucleus of Yello, one of this decade's greatest bands. Revelling in the peculiar they have made music that is both modern(ist) and arcane, like two 19th century gentlemen eccentrics let loose with garrulous imaginations and a box of electronic magic tricks.

Meier creates pictures on the celluloid of Blank's melodies, fixing his lens on moments of intraction between wandering characters who happen on each other accidentally; for a time they converse while Meier looks on, and then they fade away leaving their mark in the colours of the finished work.

Why, we wonder together, aren't there more like Yello?

"The whole *religion* of studio technology, Meier ventures, "is due to lack of creativity, it's become the god of everybody, it's ridiculous."

Yello were one of the first bands to seize the possibilities of technological innovation in their music, but for others the change has been disastrous. So now we're awash with similar sounding records that shine with superficial inspiration, but lack any original ideas beneath the gloss of their production.

Rather than freeing the musician to experiment with the infinite possibilities of sound, technology has enforced a rigid uniformity on today's pop music, and made it possible for the cynical to seize and profit from this creative paralysis.

"Many musicians come into the studio and they have a lot money and can afford three, four, five months in the studio, and they kind of lose their consciousness, and in many cases it is the so called producers who are the real powerful men. Like doctors in a hospital they connect you to all these intensive treatments and you come out, and you don't know yourself anymore.

"We're the total opposite. Boris with the fairlight, he's literally hammering it like Art Blakey's hammering his drums, he really plays the instrument like the bongos of the end of the 20th Century, he's not at all impressed by the machines."

Take the latest Yello LP *The Flag*, a rediscovery of qualities Meier thinks they lost sight of with last year's enticingly, icily glamorous 'One Second'. Cool sophistication has been rejected for a re-discovered simplicity and spontaneity that was lost somewhere amongst the polish of Blank's endless overlays and overdubs. Yello have undone themselves in order to find what it was that originally moved them to make music.

"For me the last album we did was not my favourite album because things got a little too, eh, worked out, it was not anymore believing in the freshness of the first attempt. This will for perfectness which is deep inside Boris got a bit out of hand. I personally always had certain doubts whether this was right, but it was an important step, for only by doing it could we find out it was not the right thing.

"*The Flag* is a development back to the roots of our really old sounds and the craziness of the beginning, but this now combined with the hi-tech possibilities.

"It's a kind of imaginary journey trip in 40 minutes to all kinds of different places but with a very kid-like approach. It's like when we visit an Arab city with our music, the roots of this are the idea's of a five year old kid of Arabia, we never listen to Arab music, or something, and then take some of these influences."

Yello's present single 'The Race' recaptures that early talent for combining glamour, humour and risk, using as it does the adventures of a motor racing fanatic to present a state of mind: one of being on the edge, true existentialism, of the will to live and to feel alive, through danger.

Meier has experienced such emotions: for five years he lived in Zurich as a professional gambler, living from one day to the next only for the poker table and the exhilaration of being both the hunter and the hunted.

"As a gambler you saw people exposed in a very direct way because gambling is like boxing, you want to *knock* out your opponent, the faster the better, otherwise he knocks you out. At the time I did it for every day for 14 hours for four, five years, it was an addiction which had to do with escaping the world.

"My problem was whatever I did didn't make any sense, and this poison created immediate sense because every second somebody wanted to take your money and you wanted to take somebody else's. It's like a junkie, and in a very perverted way a junkie is going back to the roots of a hunter.

"We originally lived as hunters and in our perverted world we have limited our possibilities to very stupid things, but if you are a junkie you have to steal, you are a constant target on the hunt for the thing which makes you happy and this creates a lot of sense. It's the same with a gambler."

Meier left gambling to take up art, avant-garde art and his exhibitions are still on show in Zurich, although he will have nothing more to do with the art world. He rejected what he saw as the deep corruption and dishonesty of the business.

"I rejected the art *world*, not what I did there and not what I'm doing today because I think it's a ridiculous race, it's much more ridiculous than rock 'n' roll or movies, it's full of lies, it's a lousy kick-back business.

"But you have to be part of this world in order to get anywhere and you're depending on a lot of true idiots there, people who are philosophically very poorly trained and who can talk all this nonsense because at the end of the day aesthetics are so difficult to talk about. What makes a good painting a good painting? And this is why so many bullshitters get away in this area."

Meier is a filmmaker as well as a singer although, rather than starting from a fixed script in order to make a set number of points, he begins with an inner idea and prefers to let his films interact with circumstance, to make dynamic reality become the purpose and the substance of his art. He approaches both music and movies in the same way.

"The way I work is when I hear Boris' backing tapes, which are always first, the first thing is not thinking of lyrics it's thinking of creating a figure. It's like when I write a movie script you first have your figure and then you give the figure dialogue which is corresponding and correct to that figure.

"It always makes me smile a lot when I hear of these people who go to the countryside to write lyrics: it's something very easy, very joyful. And when I have the character I go with the typewriter into the recording booth and I write these dialogues.

"They're also not *that* important, like in a movie the dialogues should work, but I don't want to transport important philosophical statements.

"I always say what interests me as a movie director is not the big message, it's the macrocosm of life. When I write a thriller I just do it to show a guy who's ordering a beer in the bar basically. And this is also the reason why when people ask me about my lyrics they think I'm joking when I say I have forgotten them! I don't remember because they are the dialogue of this figure and they work when I did that, but why should I remember them?"

Then actually creating, working, is what is most important to you, not the finished work in itself?

"For me absolutely, yes. In all my approach, in all the things I do whether I write a children's book, or, for example a script, I cannot sit down and write. So if I'm working on a movie I have to tell someone a story who then takes notes. The next day I truly have forgotten the story I was talking about.

"You can't believe it, but it's true. My whole approach is basically one of someone who walks and sometimes leaves these footprints which are washed away by the sea as when you walk on a beach. When I look back at them it's more to remind me of a certain mind I had in a certain moment."

Is this why you are so attracted to film, because more than other art it captures this essence of motion, a constant state of creation like a wave moving through the ocean?

"Very much so, very much so. I think film making is about having an inner concept and you have to . . . adopt your idea to the present situation, so it's a very present art. I think many bad films are made because the people who do it are totally preoccupied with what they want to do, and they don't allow themselves to change the inner concept. And when you just come with a fixed idea it doesn't really work."

Dieter Meier is a rich man: financially he doesn't need to do this, to do anything, but he can't help himself. Ever since he was a child he has been playing roles, impersonating people and he loves to sing.

"I'm like an impersonator of characters who walk through Boris' sound pictures. I don't consider myself a great singer/songwriter, I'm an actor."

He must constantly move forwards to stay alive creatively as well as physically. What would he do, I wonder, if he had been born in some other time and some other place without the advantages of his present situation. How would he survive?

"I think you can only be a good storyteller when you are pushed constantly to invent because you constantly forget what is behind. If I was born 100 years ago in Northern Africa I think I would be a storyteller on a market square."

GYM'LL FIX IT

Byron Smith exchanges fitness tips with young Melbourne band Go 101

As I sit myself down in the quiet PolyGram office, Go 101 singer David Wilson is contemplating the surface of a huge green apple, looking for the best point of entry.

I'm lighting a cigarette and asking him about health.

See these guys are fitness fanatics. Wilson's a mad keen tennis player and skateboarder, inflicting no less than *three* games of squash upon himself each week. Drummer Daniel Alan and bassist Peter Badenoch work out at the gym most days, whilst guitarist Steve Brooks is busy breaking boards at karate lessons.

And all I can ask is . . . WHY?

Wilson: "Well we never used to be like that. It's not a contrived part of the image or anything — we don't wear Reeboks on stage and things like that — but we're pretty healthy. It's just that on the small number of tours we've done, we've found it's really hard to keep going unless you're really fit.

"It's especially hard for a vocalist because, apart from being fit, you've gotta pace yourself quite carefully. If you're doing five nights a week, you can't give *less* than a certain amount, but you can't give *too* much. Otherwise you won't last through to the fifth gig."

In contemporary rock it's not that incongruous these days to find artists adopting a more healthy-conscious attitude to their work. Mick Jagger has already wired his Australian promoter, requesting a list of the best gyms here, so he can work-out during his tour; Jon Bon Jovi, Madonna and Melbourne's Mark Seymour are among a long list of mad joggers; David Lee Roth prefers gyms, girls and mountain climbing, whilst others like the Moody Blues and Style Council have adopted vegetarianism for reasons of nutrition. It's a far cry for the drugged-out, hedonistic image, so aligned with rock music in the late sixties and seventies.

But what of rock'n'roll heroes like Keith Richards, Nick Cave, Iggy Pop . . . people whose very fame is based around their glamourisation of all-night parties, pale and wasted features and drug busts? Could Go 101 be missing out on some of the media action?

Alan: "Well that image hasn't worn very well with us, not because we don't think it wears well with the public at all, just because it doesn't suit the lifestyle we've adopted- . . . whether it be because of music or not. We just really enjoy being healthy. We can't get up in the morning if we have a really bad night . . . we're hopeless."

Wilson: "I need seven hours sleep, otherwise I'm useless! And you've got to be fit on tour, otherwise you don't cut it. We had a taste of it when we toured with Wang Chung and George Michael. It's awful for you! Those guys play six nights a week, all over the place, they're constantly travelling and if you're not fit, you'll just run yourself into the ground."

Alan: "I guess it depends on how seriously you want to take the whole venture and we do take it very seriously. Which means that you wanna be up fairly bright the next day and feel good, rather than stagger around for three or four hours, after eight cups of coffee."

Go 101 have had to be fit to keep up with the progress they've made since performing their first show less than two years ago. The period has included one of only a few appearances by an unsigned band on the now defunct *Countdown;* support tours with George Michael and Wang Chung; numerous headline club dates; a signing to a world deal with PolyGram Records and the recording of a debut single with top American producer John 'Tokes' Potoker — best known for his work with Peter Gabriel, Talking Heads and Genesis. Phew! Makes me puffed just thinking about it!

Now that the single's out (by the way, it's called "Build It Up"), there's more giggling to be done, interviews and pre-production for the next single and a debut LP.

Go 101 have had to mature quickly, all the time trying to transcend the pressures associated with being tagged the Next Big Thing. Herded straight on to centre stage, by pushy and ambitious management, it's been a matter of getting their chops together and getting on with the job . . .

Alan: "Sometimes it's really like being thrown in at the deep end."

Wilson: "Our management has a lot to do with how quickly things have happened, 'cos they're very single-minded. They take the attitude of *why not?!* If you f..k up, you f..k up."

Alan: "They're saying 'we've done *our* work as management and we're getting you here, it's time to rise to the occasion', which is great for us, 'cos it really does make us work harder and get our shit together."

Whilst the band has progressed to being a signed act in a relatively short time, the story isn't simply one of lucky breaks and overnight success. All members have paid their dues in various bands including Hue and Cry, Software Seduction and Mobility. On top of that, it's easy to overlook the twelve months Alan and Wilson spent writing and demoing material in their small studio in a rented city basement.

It's also encouraging to hear that the outfit has no delusions about the success they've gained thus far. Even as a signed band they recognise that the hardest work is yet to come. Breaking through the hype and bullshit which accompanied the band's emergence in late '86 (badges and press-releases were going out to anyone who'd have them, even long before their first gig!) is one of those hurdles . . .

Alan: "There hasn't been a backlash to that, which is very surprising."

Wilson: "We expected something quite bad actually."

Alan: "David and I were concerned about that and to tell you the truth, we were still a bit worried that people may have taken us the wrong way, that they'd think 'oh these guys have come from nowhere and look at all the hype and glitzy PR they're getting'. But I think because the bottom line is that it has been an honest trek forward, people haven't taken it the wrong way at all."

Wilson: "We've still got a long way to go, because we've never been happy with what we've done live. We take the attitude that you haven't got it, 'till you've got it. And like we're nowhere yet . . . absolutely *nowhere.*"

Alan: "This feels like the beginning for us and now at least we can sink our teeth into something solid. When you sign with a record company, that's when it all starts and you work from the bottom up."

Wilson: "We've not going to rush in and push things too hard, too early in the piece. What we sit most comfortably with is having a slower start and building up like that. That's why we won't be pushing too hard, until the album's out (mid-next year) anyway!"

DRI-EYED

DRI are actually known as Dirty Rotten Imbeciles. Steven Wells flies to San Francisco to meet the ultimate earthquake sound

'Hard Core' — the term originated with the US 'special forces' death squads in Vietnam — was American punk sledgehammering its way back to basics. These punk Khymer Rouge violently rejected the values of both the 'efette' New York artpunk scene and the white bread suburbia that spawned them.

It delved into loutishness, scatology, anti-consumerism, anarchism, socialism, puritanism *anything* that would ram a rigid ring finger up mom and dad's wrinkled-in-disgust nose.

DRI — Dirty Rotten Imbeciles — formed in 1982 in Austin, Texas — a town about as conducive to a buzzing youth culture as Wooloongong on a drizzling Sunday. They shat out a 22 track EP so hard and fast it made *"Never Mind the Bollocks"* sound like New Age on mogadons. There was nowhere to go but California and metal.

"We got labelled as the fastest band ever," says guitarist Spike. New Yorker Spike wears a plastic baseball hat, fingerless leather gloves and drives a second-hand Camero. "So we sat back and listened and there was no. . . . I don't know. . . . no *umph!*"

Their latest album *4 Of A Kind. . . .* er- . . . . "seeks to rectify" this lack of umph.

It is very hot in San Francisco and my skin hangs in strips from my blistered pale face. I follow the noise. The noise, although muffled by the walls, reminds me of a Ford Capri chock-a-block with tripping rugby players being smashed into cubic scrap and blood jelly. It's DRI rehearsing.

It's a machine-like performance. Well-read European boys in sweaty string vests — 'industrial' trashers have dabbled in 'futurism' — attempting to recreate the hammering clamour of the sweat shop. None of them come close to this NOISE.

DRI's rehearsal studio sounds like a factory — a fun place for the *Playschool* team to visit and the last place to work unless you have to.

Where the Euronoise merchants will trot out great steaming gallops of half-digested pseudywank to any journalist desperate to prove that I'VE BEEN TO UNIVERSITY (but too cool to wear the sweatshirt) DRI are devoid of any intellectual pretensions.

Josh, the stout bassist, reads a lot of horror stories — Stephen King and Clive Barker are his faves. Spike claims that he and drummer Felix don't read.

"We have a competition to see who can go the longest without reading anything. . . . "

"It's been ten years for me," says Felix. "The last one was *Dick And Jane* or Dr Zeuss or sump'n. . . . "

Good books by anybody's standards.

"I quit school at like 14 — I partied too much so I didn't have time to read anything. The only time I did read was when I did speed before school. . . . Recently, I quit smoking and drinking, giving my brain a rest, so maybe I'm gonna try and learn. . . . "

"We're up to *The Grinsch That Ate Christmas,"* says Spike, forcing me to ask his pardon.

"It's right after *The Cat In The Hat. . . "*

"He read *Green Eggs And Ham* last week" says Kirk, "by the end of the tour it'll be *Moby Dick* 'n shit like that. . . . "

Ask Josh for DRI's cultural reference points and he'll tell you, deadpan. . . .

"Sometimes you can watch a football game and see something that looks familiar. . . . "

A DRI gig is where male-bonding meets masochism. A thrashing pit of semi-naked little boys spews onto the stage, indivjduals crashing back into the throbbing sea of boots and fists. It's pretty non-lethal — as long as you know what to expect. Last year's Clarendon gig saw some ugly scenes as bouncers waded in to stop what they thought was a riot.

"The whole point of our show," says Spike, "Is the kids thrashing and stagediving and shit. . . . We're just providing the soundtrack. In LA once there were 300 kids on stage and you couldn't see the pit anymore and we just hid behind our amps and shit. . . . "

"We're part of the crowd, most of the kids just get up there, do their stuff and get off . . . Except in Germany. . . " says Josh.

"They come up to you and hug you so you can't play anymore and they f... word up your shit and shit like that. . . . " says Spike.

"Shit," says Felix.

A DRI gig is a cathartic experience. Spike reckons that "the kids of today are so depressed and upset with the world and everything that most of their energy is negative energy. . . . Things are worse now than they were ten years ago, then years ago there wasn't the nuclear threat hanging over everybody's head. . . "

Yes there was.

"Not like there is now!" says Josh. "Most of the energy they're getting out is negative, it's stopping them getting into a fight for no reason just because, y'know, they're pissed off and shit with somebody or sump'n. . . . I'd rather see 1,000 kids coming to our show, slamming and having a good time than having 1,000 kids running down the street setting fire to shit because they had a bad day. . . . "

"Or fighting each other for discriminatory reasons and shit. What we're doing is helping prevent that," claims Spike.

OK, in El Salvador kids are fighting to liberate their country from the US-backed fascist government, in Palestine they're lobbing rocks against an army of occupation, in Iran they march to death in their thousands in the name of Islam. In Los Angeles, just a few hundred miles away, black and hispanic kids tote Uzis, sell crack and kill or profit in the twilight of Reaganomics. The speedmetal scene is fighting for its right to party. Chickenshit or what?

Says Felix: "It sounds really weird when you put it like that. . . . "

Is it fair to say that in the USA the majority of your audience is male, white and middle class?

"Yes," agrees Spike. "It's the same class of kids that were into rock and roll in the '50s. It's something different from the mainstream, something that is their own. They feel part of it. It's like sport, like in football you're meant to kill the other guy but you don't really kill the other guy. . . . "

"It's a way better than kids killing each other because of coke or sump'n!" says Josh.

"Like when Run DMC played LA — to release their tension the crowd killed 25 kids!" claims Felix. "They got to the show with guns. Somebody looks at their girlfriend and BAM! — they blow them away!"

"It's only as violent as people want it to be," says Josh. "If we played a gig in Watts and all the Cripps and the Bloods came — sure, it wouldn't be chicken shit, it'd be superviolent with everybody shooting each other and killing each other. . . . "

A large section of the US record industry is based on the young male audience which flocks in its dumb thousands to scream YEEEEHAH! at crap pantomime dames like Wasp and Slayer. Spike talks about bringing a "punk intelligence" to that audience.

"We're trying to pull parts out of that crowd, the people who are smart enough to think for themselves and shit like that. The people who aren't really gonna listen to the music and just come along to pick up chicks and shit — we're not trying to appeal to them. . . . "

"We want the intelligent people who aren't going to f... word up," says Josh. "People who will actually listen to the words and try to get something out of them. But we're not discriminating. Certain people you don't want because you know they're assholes and you know they'll f... word up. . . . "

Spike elaborates: "We don't discriminate against people for the sort of music they listen to. It's just like the length of your hair or the colour of your skin — It's no reason to stop somebody coming to your show. . . . "

BELL·JAR

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DANCE OF THE BEEHIVE

Gavin Martin reviews the Divine/Debbie Harry movie "Hairspray" . . .

Debbie Harry (second from left) gets protective when Divine (second from right) is around

In John Waters' vision of Baltimore in 1962 the hairdos are stacked skyscraper high, the dance steps have a perplexing range of names and movements, teen angst and anger is the coming force and as ironing board-bound concerned mother Divine presciently states, "the times they are a changing".

In his last movie role Divine plays the slimming-pill-addicted mother of plump, fleet-footed, socially conscious Tracy Turnblad. With her teased-up hair and her starry-eyed dreams Tracy desperately wants a spot on the local *Corny Collins* dance show. Lard tub Tracy's dream comes true. She not only wins a spot on the show, she also rises to the dizzy heights of local celebrity, has an unlimited charge account at the outsize clothes shop, The Hefty Hideway, and attracts the attentions of the show's prime hunk, one leering Link Larkin.

But American dreams are never easy and when she gets to the place where she always wants to be, Tracy finds it's riddled with petty jealousy and racist bigotry. The catty, closed, superficial world is epitomised by the detestable — beautiful on the outside horrible on the inside — Amber Von Tussie. Thus a battle ensues between the pair. Tracy becomes the martyr for the integrationist racial struggle going on amidst the optimism of the fresh-faced Kennedy era. Von Tussle and her pampering, invective-stirring parents, played by Debbie Harry (in a succession of staggering wigs) and Sonny Bono, are the dastardly villains, the sick side of '60s American aspirations.

The kitschy films *Hairspray* affectionately lampoons — the dreaded 'teen' and 'message' movies of the early '60s — may be fondly remembered by a small sub culture audience but they were lacking in artistic, moral or intelligent merit. Indeed much the same could be said for the low budget trash and sensationalism which John Waters has chumed out for nigh on 20 years. Which is why this, his first full budget flick, is one of the year's big surprises.

Naturally it's gloriously detailed — an Oscar please for the set and costume designers — with Waters relishing in every dayglo decoration, but it turns all the fads, kitsch and comic one-liners into a morality play. Despite the knowing distance Waters maintains from his subject he can't help having a message of his own and it is anti-racist and (surprise surprise) anti-materialist.

Primarily a comedy *Hairspray* uses race and beauty as the two arbitrary, ridiculous factors which spin out the giddying laff riot with a purpose. "We may be white but our souls are black," Tracy's best friend Peny tells her. It may be a corny cliche nowadays but you realise that with the myriad influences and possibilities black culture provided against the strait-laced white world it must have been a common feeling for many American kids in the '60s.

Waters describes 1962 as the year "right before everything changed" and he captures the peculiar essence of the times perfectly. Apart from the costumes and cultural detail this is achieved through the soundtrack which presents such gems as the ham dramatics of Gene Pitney's 'Town Without Pity', and Barbara Lynn's sweet, sad 'You'll Lose A Good Thing'. The soundtrack is also a jumping off point for two cameos from surviving '60s stars. Toussaint McCall mimes to his original classic 'Nothing Takes The Place Of You' and blonde wigged Ruth Brown features widely as the bumptious dance tutor mama.

Hairspray takes trash and kitsch and makes it into high art; It's the first time Waters' wit and elegance as a film-maker has been allowed to shine alongside his subject matter. The soft core camp tone may turn off the regular hardcore Waters audience but it will open the flood gates for the rest of us. The dance comedy, wig wearing pro integrationist movie of the year.

. . .and Sean Hagen talks to its director John Waters

John Waters made his first movie whilst still at High School. It was called *Hag In A Black Leather Jacket,* an underground mutated message movie about racism with a nod to Kenneth Anger.

It culminates with a multi-racial wedding ceremony conducted by a Ku Klux Klan priest on the roof of Waters' parents' suburban house. it also featured someone getting down to 'The Dirty Boogie'

Two decades later, John Waters' latest movie, *Hairspray* — again featuring a plot on racism and the return of 'The Dirty Boogie' — has taken the titan of trash overground in America and opened to rave reviews from the mainstream British and European papers who once regarded Waters' as the antichrist. Will mainstream Hollywood take Waters to its tarnished bosom?

"I hope so, they've all phoned. I doubt I'll get to make the movie I want though. *I like* Hollywood, hell, I got my own star system — a mini Hollywood."

Waters' star system is rooted in the underground scene of late '60s Baltimore where his early films attracted the more outre members of the local beatnik scene a la Warhol's Factory days. Titles like *Eat Your Make-Up, Multiple Maniacs, Roman Candles* and *Mondo Trasho* give some scant idea of the kind of sick mind at play here:

"We'd have proper premieres with tacky invites. I used to show them in churches cos I figured the police would never bust a church and the priests would think anything so long as we get the crowds in.

My first big star was Caroline Soul, Baltimore's biggest beatnik. She f----d Jack Kerouac.

She was totally bizarre whilst Divine was just a young star on the rise *Eat Your Make-Up* was like an S and M plot where models were kidnapped and held hostage and forced to model themselves to death".

That's the one with the Kennedy assassination and Divine as Jackie Kennedy:

"You got it. People were very touchy about that cos it had only just happened but I thought, what the hell, this is a major fashion event. I mean, Jackie Kennedy's blood-splattered dress is one of the most famous outfits in clothes' history. I just wanted to see Divine in it!"

And you filmed that right on your parents' suburban street?

"Yea" The neighbours were appalled! it was a regular Sunday morning and they look out their windows and here comes the real thing! Then they see Divine crawling over the car in that dress . . ."

Amidst the acid fallout of the late Sixties, Waters now admits that the "boundaries of what was permissable were insane".

A commitment to taboo subject matter, sicko humour and a weekly dose of LSD meant the early films just went further and

further out there. Straight Baltimore society left them alone — it was just too weird:

"I think they were like my parents — scared. After a while they stopped asking what we were doing and tried to ignore us. For *Eat Your Make-Up* myself and Mary Viviene Pearce — she looked like a drugged out Jean Harlow — handed out flyers and free candy lipsticks to passers by. She'd hand 'em a lipstick and say 'eat it, read it and come'."

It was around this time that Waters became interested in Manson. *Multiple Maniacs* was made after the killings but before the trial:

"It opened in L.A. same week as the trial. Basically the story was that we had killed Sharon Tate but then they captured Charlie so I had to tack on an ending that had Divine reading a paper with the headline Manson Family Caught.

Multiple Maniacs followed *Eat Your Make-Up's* proximity to the actual event that inspired it and began Waters' enduring obsession with Manson:

"I visited Tex Watson in jail for ten years but then he got Jesus and that sorta got in the way of our friendship. I guess I must have one of the biggest Manson collections in America.

Why the obsession with a sick murderer and his gang?

"They ended hippies. They scared the world. Just the fact that these middle class kids were turned into your worst nightmare.

"I'm friends with some rehabiliated Family members and they intrigue me — how they look back on it. I ain't too interested in Manson himself — I went to the trial and I know what he's about. It's the Family, the ones that killed. Charlie didn't kill anybody."

Are they all rehabilitated? What about the girls camping outside the jail?

"They're new people, burnt out hippies. But who knows what they'll do? Squeaky (Fromme) isn't rehabilitated, she's still a believer. She runs the Family. She's the one who tried to shoot President Ford but the gun wasn't loaded. Weird.

"Y'know, the ranch is gone. No trace. They're gonna build a Mall — Spahn Acres or something. it used to be country, now it's suburbia."

The film that brought John Waters to most people's attention was *Pink Flamingoes,* an everyday tale of weird sex, depraved families, cannibalism and eating dog poo.

It made Divine a star and John Waters the subject of oceans of fan mail from "people who were glad they weren't the only ones with that sense of humour".

Polyester took things a step further with a scratch 'n' sniff card for full effect, a homage to William Castle who used to wire up whole cinemas with electric shocks for his film, *The Tingler* and invented odourama and smellyvision.

These films were prototypes for *Hairspray* which dilutes much of the sicko factor for a camp comedy trash-out complete with redeeming social message.

Hairspray focuses on r'n'b TV shows, dance crazes and wild hairstyles whilst tackling the subject of racial integration:

"It isn't that much of an exaggeration. Racism was a footnote to music in Baltimore and integration killed off *The Buddy Dean Show* — they just couldn't handle it".

Baltimore's *Buddy Dean Show* was a local version of Dick Clark and featured John Waters as guest dancer twice:

"I won The Twist competition with Mary Lou, the Teen Queen of the show but the other time I appeared, we did 'The Dirty Boogie' and they showed us the door. Y'know, 'nice kids don't do that'."

Hairspray reveals Waters' obsessive devotion to r'n'b with a soundtrack made in heaven. Classic dances like 'The Madison' and 'The Bug' and a scintillating performance from the barn-storming Ruth Brown:

"That's my music. I was a nut for it. You had three great black radio stations and you had The Royal which was Baltimore's Apollo. Basically, I dug chitlin' circuit r'n'b. The stuff the British invasion killed off. Man, I hated The Beatles. They spawned The Dave Clark Five, The Monkees and suddenly you didn't have Toussaint McCall nor 'The Dirty Boogie'."

How about contemporary music?

"It all sounds like old stuff to me. I've turned into my parents. I kinda liked punk cos it was the first time Divine looked like Plain Jane. I know The Butthole Surfers and I like their attitude but I don't go home and listen to 'em to relax".

When you look back at your canon of work, what do you think are the consistant factors.

"Well, they're all pretty moral in their own way. I think you'd have to call my work original even if you hated it. it's managed to appeal to alienated kids of all ages and persuasions. I dunno. I'm still a Catholic boy, stalked by guilt. I gotta resist the urge to wear purple at Lent even though I loathe their position on everything.

"I'm moral. I want the good guys to win. By good guys, I mean people who don't judge others and are happy with themselves. Everybody's nuts and the good guys are the ones who're comfortable with it and don't blame their parents or whoever."

I know Divine had a hard time with his parents and they made up, how about you?

"They ain't scared anymore. Heh Heh. They were scared for a long while and they just stopped askin' what I was doing on the roof. My parents and Divine's parents came to the *Hairspray* premiere. He made up with his folks completely — just in time. They'd reached the point when they said 'hey, suppose we die, it'll be too late'. That sorta thing can really mess you up".

Can you remember the first time your parents met Divine?

"Yea! The first time my folks met him he was in a one piece bathing costume covered in blood carrying an axe.

FAT BOYS: twist and bloat

YO! FAT people how does it feel to be so *obese?*

"Well, it's a new 'Twist', it's a 'Twist' for the '80s, these old songs, they're coming out and we're making 'em over. We like old songs, y'know?"

Tell me what it's like to be grossly overweight.

"We're different types of rappers, we're the comedians of rap. We're not just really hard, baad, we're comedians, but we can *rap* too. On our next LP we've got reggae, rap, rock, hip hop, pop, go-go . . . "

Meet the Fat Boys, the Macdonalds of rap; clean, global and clinical. The FB's have just wrapped their fleshy curves around Chubby Checker's 'The Twist', getting the thin man with the strange hairstyle to do the vocals whilst they prat around in the background looking like jolly dumptrucks with nary a care in the world. Not so much a rap version as a straight commercialisation 'The Twist' has predictably belly flopped into the charts like 'Wipe Out' before it. Who says rap is nasty, political and violent?

The wobbly ones flashed their flesh at the Mandela bash with Chubs in tow, embarrassing themselves and about four billion watchers with their school boy everybody's-happy antics and their flabeliform sense of fun. But what the hell, these boys are into *paaaarty* politics.

"Our type of rap, is't like let's go out and party. Old people who aren't into rap, who turn their heads from it, come along to our concerts. That's the reason we did 'Wipe Out' and 'The Twist' because now the older crews say hey! I remember that vocal, and then we close it up a bit y'know.

I know, I know, really I do. And guess what? The FB's next single is *another* cover, this time the "immortal" Louie Louie' given the fattie tretment which will no doubt gross them even more millions and allow them to grow ever more gargantuan on the profits. But be warned, none of their songs feature any of this naughty sampling stuff, oh tut-utty-tut no.

"We did covers before Run DMC did 'Walk This Way', we did James Brown's 'Sex Machine', we were one of the first ever to do it. And when we do things, we did it ourselves or we ask permission, y'know, not stealing. *I'm* singing 'Louie Louie', and I'm singing 'Sex Machine', that's *us*, none of this sampling."

Their goody-goodiness has paid off. Already the FB's are following the hallowed and mega-bucked footsteps of The Beatles, The Osmonds and The Jacksons, receiving American television's version of canonisation — their own cartoon show, titled imaginatively enough *The Fat Boys In Superfats.*

Kind of makes me warm inside, knowing that there are still people out there who can make money out of the oldest joke in the world: the happy overweight sterotype. So *c'mon* boys, tell about your flab.

"Well that's behind us now, y'see we're all on a diet, I only eat one meal a day . . . " The joke it seems, just ain't funny anymore.

— JOHN TAGUE

(1-r): "Kool Rock" Wimbley, "Human Beatbox" Robinson, "Human Beatbox" Robinson, "Prince Markie Dee" Morales

A second wave looks for AMERICA

Well, to be honest with you, I'm never surprised when people come up with strange interpretations of our songs. A lot of Dewey's songs I've been singing for 15 years, things like 'Ventura Highway' and 'Tin Man', and I don't have a clue what they're about!"

Gerry Buckley, one half of America (the other being Dewey Bunnell) laughed softly as he rang from his home in California. You can't help but see the irony of the humour. Since they emerged in the American folk-rock boom in the early '70s with 'Horse With No Name' and 'Ventura Highway', they've had to fight off their share of strange explanations. People saw too much into the deep imagery of the lyrics, and came up with connotations the duo couldn't believe.

Now, a new generation of fans have caught on to America — in the wake of the '70s nostalgia and a recurring interest in the acoustic sound — and once again Gerry and Dewey had to explain away their songs.

The interesting thing, Gerry observes, is that the new fans have a slang of their own, so their crazy interpretations are different from that of the generation before!

"On the one hand, it's utterly fantastic that the kids of our original fans have taken the time to rediscover our music. But what

Pic by Bob King

amuses me is that they're reading different things into it. But I'm used to it now.

"We wrote 'Horse With No Name' because we were two teenagers from America who were living in England because our parents were in the military and were posted there. The song's about being homesick for the States, about a trip through an American desert. But people refused to believe it was about something as simple as that.

"Around that time, heroin's street slang was 'horse' so immediately people were insisting it was about hard drugs, and it was no such thing. We've had to fight that off for more than 15 years. But you get used to it. I go back and listen to the old Beatles stuff and find all sorts of strange connotations there, and I have to remind myself that it was probably just John and Paul sitting in a room laughing and throwing funny lines at each other."

One of the reasons for this state of affairs is that America's golden run of hits petered out just before the video boom. Hence, people listen to those early hits without connecting with the visual images they'd have come up with. For instance, if they'd done a video for 'Horse With No Name', they'd have obviously shot a clip that made it clear it was a journey through the desert.

"Yeah, I agree with you, we've been untouched by video. But we're looking for a deal, and these days they expect you to make videos. Our attitude is — sure, you wanna pay to make a video, we'll make one!

"It's a good time for America to get back into recording again. We've just come off four months of touring, some with us headlining, others supporting Joe Cocker and the Beach Boys, and there's a real excitement about America. Kids who probably weren't even born the first time around for us come along and sing along to all the songs."

Gerry has also signed a deal for a solo LP, of songs that didn't fit America's format.

What's been the most important song he's written in the last year?

"It'll probably have to be 'Call Of The Wild' which is about a guy struggling with his emotions trying to control the 'wild' side of his personality. It'll be on my solo LP and we'll be playing it in Australia when we get there. I have more success with my ballads, and this one's an uptempo, so it's kind of interesting for me."

Who's been the most unlikely person to want to work with America?

"Rick Danko of The Band who said he loves my voice, and got me to sing backup vocals on his LP along with Blondie Champlin who used to be with the Beach Boys for a while."

Why are people listening to a lot of early '70s folk-rock and acoustic pop again?

"Because you've had bands like REM who discovered Byrd albums and offered an alternative to all this programmed disco stuff. Their fans then took their step to find out what inspired REM. Also you've got some great new names like Tracy Chapman who I think is just amazing."

Ever felt pop music was a negative thing?

"Never, because I was inspired by positive bands like the Beatles and Beach Boys, and always felt it was a good constructive music. Occasionally I go through a period of self doubt and think my abilities aren't good enough but I've never lost faith in the music."

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER

URBAN PRINCIPLE: living for the city

Urban Principle's lead singer, John Dehne and co are itching to tell me about the band's single, a forthcoming LP and a sojourn into soundtrack music, but I want to know about the time they had some rather interesting visitors at a rehearsal. . . .

"We were rehearsing in our garage/practice room, playing through a song, when this guy and girl walked in and we're all looking at each other as if to say 'well who's going to introduce their friends?'. Anyway, we finished the song and the girl's clapping and saying it was great and the guy's standing at the door and then we said 'well none of us know you. . . . how about introducing yourself' and they said 'oh we've just escaped from a mental assylum'.

"I thought, oh, that's one of the best jokes I've ever heard and we were laughing and he said (seriously) 'no really! And we're looking for a place to stay and I'm vegetarian and we don't eat much'.

"It turned out that they *had* escaped, from either prison or some institution. So we just told them where Northcote was and sent them on their way!"

Along with an array of unusual anecdotes like that one, the Urban Principle story tells of unusual beginnings. . . . about a band formed primarily to work in the studio writing scores and soundtracks for films. What's so unusual is that while their muso friends were out, busily working on improving their live profile and trying to get their photo in the social pages of some local rag, these boys were happy to remain the faceless backdrop behind a number of films and commercials.

As time progressed however, the band began to consider better ways to adequately impart their ideas to a greater number of people. The obvious progression came a year after their 1986 formation, when the band — then consisting of Dehne, guitarist Rex Delaney and keyboard player Mark Bernsons — decided to write some more commercial toons, get a live rhythm section (Paul O'Leary — bass and David Rogerson — guitar) and take the show on the road. That way they could cover both areas: working live whilst continuing to pursue artier soundtrack ventures in the studio.

Coming from a range of different musical backgrounds meant that the band's commercial approach encompassed an interesting amalgamation of pop, rock, funk and jazz and a live set which undulated between the styles to create a projection peppered with diversity.

This is helped by the fact that everyone within the band assists in the writing process, which also results in the band covering a wide range of lyrical issues.

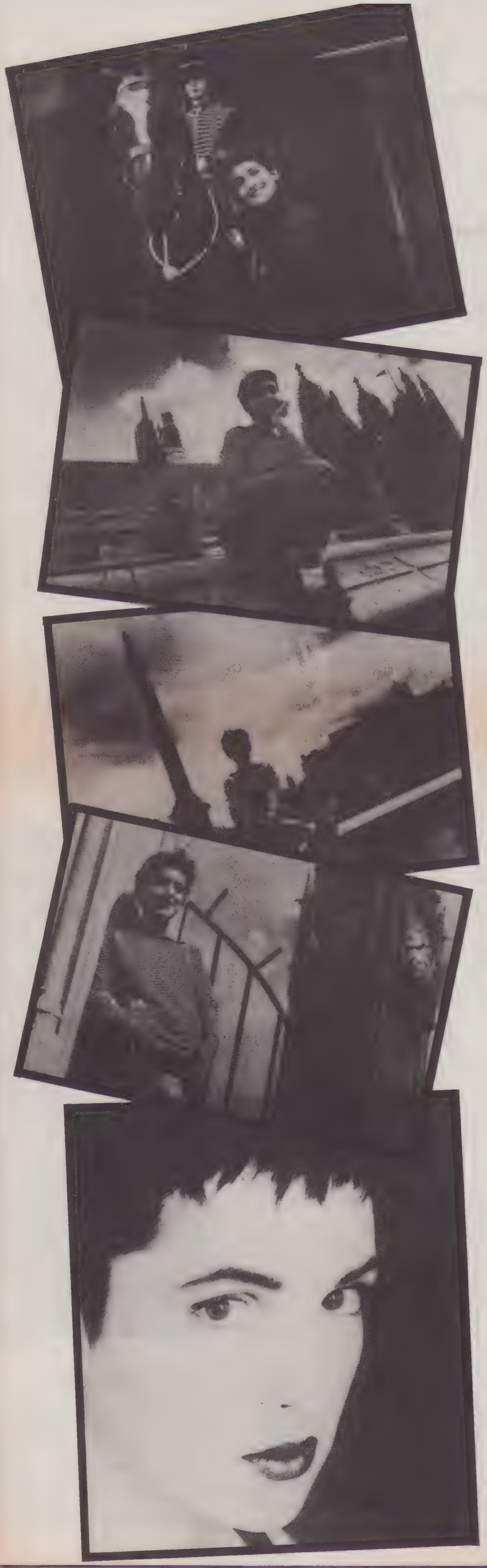
Dehne: "A lot of the songs deal with personal politics, but some are more overtly political in the traditional sense, which has never been a conscious thing. I don't think we've ever sat down and said we're gonna write a song about a particular issue — it just tumbles out. The song 'Straight 58' for instance, came out basically being a statement about germ warfare and how people are always trying to invent bigger and better weapons and then counter-weapons. And it's also about the intrigue that goes on around the world; people spying on each other and trying to get one hand on the other person's secrets, meanwhile they're being undermined themselves."

Urban Principal have released a 7" single called "Something Inside" and a five-track EP bearing the same title. A second single, "Broken For It" is due soon and an LP is expected before the year's end.

Meanwhile the long term plan is to continue writing soundtracks, playing live, and eventually travelling to explore other pastures.

Dehne: "We hope to be able to travel with the music and experience other countries and write from that experience."

— BYRON SMITH



A GO GO IN LONDON!

Well, an ex-Go Go, actually. Following on from Belinda Carlisle's worldwide success, JANE WIEDLIN is the next to find solo success. With her new single a hit in Britain, she flew into London where STEVEN WELLS showed her around the sights.

I have a cat called Megadeth. Yes, I worship the devil — all the time. In fact — I married him."

Who *is* this woman?

★ ★ ★

Top scientists tell us that *Star Trek* movies are a 98.7 per cent totally accurate prediction of the future.

So whatever became of the 'actress' who 'played' the frenzied alien ("WE HAVE NO POWER! THE BIOSTERILISATION CAPSULES MALFUNCTIONED AND THE VALCUM-B VIRUS HAS BEEN RELEASED AND 15 CREW MEMBERS ARE DEAD! AAAAAAAAARGH! HELP! HELP! . . . ") at the beginning of *Star Trek 4 The Voyage Home?*

Did she fall down a time-warp and end up in 1978 as songwriter for the all-female LA punk sensation, The Go Gos.

Yes! So who would guess that a decade later she would be doing an exclusive interview outside Buckingham Palace as her single 'Rush Hour' stormed up the Dirty Thirty in the UK?

So, who's the dreamiest, Spock or Kirk?

"Kirk, I eman not Kirk, Spock!

Definitely. Leonard Nimoy, I love him. I like the ears, I'm into the ears. In real life he's a smart guy and he's into good causes. Apparently there's a lot of out takes of fight scenes where Kirk's toupe falls off which would be *great* to get a hold of."

No, not really. Jane Wiedlin, who is just over three foot tall, has just spent an hour or so being dribbled on by the diseased lepers of the British rock press.

They wanted to know if she took drugs when she was a punk rocker, what sort of drugs did she take when she was a punk rocker and how often did she take drugs when she was a punk rocker, plus a list of all the people she's ever had sex with.

The elfin-but-rock Wiedlin smiled and instead deflected them on to her favourite subject of animal rights, a cause for which she recently spent five days in a women's prison after being arrested on a demo. And no, it was nothing like *Prisoner Cell Block H.*

"Basically the guards wake you up really early in the morning and everybody yells at you a lot. I pretty much put my nose in a book and didn't take it out until it was time to leave. I'd be willing to go again, no big deal."

Jane is a raving pinko. That's pink and not RED because she loses 'right on' points by saying:

"I try really hard to live a non-violent lifestyle. If everybody took individual steps towards trying to change the world then the world would change . . . "

Which is bollocks. And, as you know, whilst people starve, anyone who campaigns on *animal* rights has got their priorities seriously to cock. But it's more than vivisection that has got her goat (and her dog, her cat and half a dozen white mice . . .).

"On my first album I had these cards that you were supposed to send to Reagan and Gorbachev which said: 'Stop The Arms Race!' and I thought — oh wow, maybe my album will send a million copies and maybe they'll get a million cards but it didn't. I just don't want to sit down and die! How can you criticise me for being an animal rights activist when 99 per cent of people don't do shit, I mean — give me a break!"

Gee whizz, an American Pop Star with a social conscience! So what's it like working for a record company owned by a multinational that invests in South Africa and makes bits of nuclear bombs?

"What? They do? I didn't know that? Nobody told me that. I wasn't presented with the moral dilemma of working for a company that makes bombs. That's kind of scary!"

Don't you think pickets have the right to hurt horses when they carry baton wielding pigs?

"No, I don't think it's even legitimate to hurt the policeman. But I'd rather hit the cop than the horse. Like I agree with the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) tactics, like destroying non-animate objects but . . . violence to living things you have to say is wrong."

What about all those horrid scientists with their vivisection experiments?

"Well . . . ummmm . . . I must admit I do have some pretty evil thoughts in that direction . . . "

Do you have psychic connection to animals, like *Beastman*?

"Oh, year, sure."

Do you kick horses in the bollocks to show them who's boss.?

"Most horses don't have bollocks, they whack them off."

If you were flying a plane and you had to crash it in either a field with one human baby in it or a field with a thousand flufferly bunny rabbits — which would you choose?

"The field with the baby because I could easily avoid it. No! It would die? It's a small field! AAAAAARGH! I can't decide. OK, the bunnies, does that make you feel better? They always ask you dumb questions like that. Would you save a drowning dog or a drowning person — gimme a break! What if the person was Hitler? What if the dog was Lassie?"

What if the dog was Hitler?

"Exactly!"

If Lassie and Belinda Carlisle were both drowning, who would you save?

"I'd save them both."

Who would you save *first?*

"Umm . . . I don't know, no I would save, er, Belinda . . . "

We have the technology! Resurrected from the mouldy punk grave by hubby, Belinda was the first Go Go to 'make it'. You remember punk rock? Live fast, die young and leave a disgusting mess. Nothing about becoming a mega-pop star as I remember. Tut tut!

"Times change and I don't think there'd be a lot of credibility in me still being a punk rocker. It's a meaningless concept, it was just — be mad, be angry, wear strange clothes. I've gotta say that the Los Angeles scene was different.

"I guess here that it was people being pissed off that they couldn't get a job and this and that whilst in LA it was like just being pissed off because you were a teenager and you were pissed off with your parents. I'm 30 years old now and I don't feel pissed off with my parents anymore, I don't feel I have to shock them anymore . . . "

Are you really Belinda Carlisle's best friend like it says in *Smash Hits?*

"Snork! No, neither though am I her arch-nemesis. I am somewhere in between. I don't recognise her in pictures anymore. She looks a lot different . . . "

How do you feel about her disgusting support for the terrorist Contras?

"She doesn't actually follow politics at all and just basically took up her husband's politics when she got married. One of the reasons the Go Gos could never really say anything was that we all had different views on things. Obviously that rift is bigger now because I'm kind of like the opposite of her in that respect. She shouldn't have said anything. She should have kept her mouth shut . . . "

I met Bryan Ferry once and it was like he wasn't even nice or anything.

I said something that wasn't cool and he just looked at me with a withering glance and walked away . . . "

That's because he's thick. That's why cool people never say anything because they're stupid.

"Yeah?"

Do you think General Zia was the Belinda Carlisle of international politics?

"Why? Had he lost a lot of weight?"

No, but he had nice teeth. How important are perfect teeth if you are an American pop star?

"I dunno, I always had perfect teeth even when I was taking drugs. If an American pop star had really rotten teeth people would think that was weird — but I doubt whether that would stop their career.

"When Sparks came out I remember thinking that I thought Russell Mael was the coolest thing because he had that funny tooth, it was just so horrible. It just looked very British. It wasn't surprising to get into punk because that was very British. At the time there were English words like 'bloody' and 'poseur'.

Wanker.

"Pardon?"

A lot of Americans say 'wanker' now.

"Oh yeah, that was another one.

Bill Crosby said it last night on *The Cosby Show.*

"He did?"

No! Beam me up, Scotty!

THE FOREIGN

They're best known as the band who sang "Do You Know What Love Is" — but as guitarist Mick Jones tells Christie Eliezer on ISD, FOREIGNER sure look like they need a bit of internal understanding. . .

"I can't believe it's been so long sine we got down to Australia" Mick Jones says by phone from London.

"We were there, oh, about ten years ago, and we meant to return so many times. But, I dunno, Australia's like the end of the world in some ways, and something would always come up and we'd say 'okay, we'll make it down next time'."

The British born guitarist has been living in New York for 13 years but his clipped accent and impeccable manners tie him close to his mother country.

Jones was sounding very relaxed and

happy. That's because he'd done something rare in his life. A workaholic who's most happy tinkering about in the studios or in his study composing a new song, he actually took a holiday. He and his lady soaked up the sun in Ibiza before stopping over in London for a week to catch up with friends and family before returning to America to rehearse the band for upcoming Australian and Japanese shows.

Does a slick machine like Foreigner need rehearsals?

Well, yes, because they might have sold 35 million copies since their first visit, but Jones takes nothing for granted.

On their first visit, they were a six piece, trying to draw from the best elements of American and British pop, and generally dismissed as a second-generation Bad Company. The success since has been monumental but people still get confused about Foreigner. In Europe and Australia people talk of them as a good melodic hard rock band which continually delivers the goods. In America they're better known as yet another soppy AOR band.

Some years after that first visit, the band went through a major upheaval. It shed a lot of members. In businessmen's talk, they Streamlined for Maximum Efficiency.

It worked, for the band went on to greater heights. Jones wrote the songs and produced them in a sophisticated craftsmanlike way.

But the last few years has not been an easy road for Foreigner, and the guitarist-founder is honest enough to discuss them in public.

It started when singer Lou Gramm suddenly annoucned he wanted to make a solo LP. Obviously he'd tired of hanging around playing Pancho The Sidekick to Jones' Cisco Kid.

The guitarist was surprised, then annoyed. He didn't like sitting around waiting for Gramm to finish his debut solo LP *Midnight Blue*. Rather than twiddle his thumbs, he took up Van Halen's offer to produce their first Roth-less album *5150*.

At the time, fans still hadn't realised there were problems. *Midnight Blue* was slightly earthier than Foreigner records but not much different. Certainly not enough for Gramm to strike out as a singer in his own right.

The LP became a worldwide hit, and suddenly Lou in his interviews was talking about putting a solo LP band to promote the LP, and taking potshots at Jones' production of Foreigner records, saying they were far too slick for his liking. He had a point, of course, but it shattered their amiable settled image.

Clearly, Foreigner was going through some sort of internal crisis which needed to sort itself out but quick.

Why hadn't Mick merely axed Gramm and continued with a replacement?

"That had crossed my mind, I'd also been thinking along the lines that maybe it was time to give up Foreigner and move on to other things. Things had seriously deteriorated because where was *no* communication between us. We hadn't spoken for a year!

"So finally I went up to his house in upstate New York, we walked down to a lake and sat on a rock and just thrashed out what the problems were. I guess we ended up realising we both wanted to do things outside Foreigner, but there was still a lot of things we could do within Foreigner too.

"When you suggest that maybe I should have continued without Lou, well, it seems kind of simple. But we've achieved a lot of things with Foreigner and I want to preserve it. The band as it is now is the best vehicle for what I want to achieve, Lou is capable of singing ballads and the hard rock numbers, and I wanted to keep that element.

"I guess there's still a lot more problems we have to work out between us, but at least we're talking, and that's the main thing. In the New Year we want to go into the studios and make an album for release midway through the year."

Are Mick and Lou such different people?

"Oh absolutely! We're both very strong minded individuals. But when we get together, something very special happens, and we both recognise that. That's why both he and I don't want to lose that. It is a very special chemistry, and some great ideas have come out ot it."

Did Mick accept that he might have contributed to Lou's disenchantment with Foreigner?

"Well, according to him (laughs) I guess I did. I of course saw it as his problem. It was just a communication breakdown. We've resolved it in the sense that we want the band to keep working, want to get the energy level going on the next LP."

Jones' woes with Gramm weren't over with the release of *Inside Information* late last year. A return to a harder sound, Jones was eager to get back on tour, to play some of the hard hitting numbers like "Beat Of My Heart" onstage.

But problems rose. Gramm wanted to record a second solo LP, and quite insistent that Foreigner would have to wait until they got finished.

The reports from new York were that Jones was enraged, but for the sake of Foreigner's future, stepped back and let Lou do his LP. Meantime, he recorded Van Halen's *OU812*, scoring them their second chart-topping LP in a row.

In May, Foreigner played Atlantic Records' 40th birthday celebrations at Madison Square Gardens in New York. Did Jones think the band played well?

"Yeah, quite well. We had a lot to prove, I think. We hadn't played together for so long that we had to prove to ourselves as much to the public we were still able to cut it as a tough sounding band. Judging from various people who were there, we stole the show."

Are there any plans to issue a commemoration of that event?

"They're working on that right now, on a video and album."

Had Mick stayed around to catch the Zeppelin reformation set?

"Oh yeah, they were great. It's funy because I've known them for so long, but I'd never caught Zeppelin live. They started out with this eerie riff (hums the opening lines of 'Kashmir') and this chill went up my spine . . ."

I read somewhere that "Beat Of My Heart" was written as a tribute to Jimmy Page, did he ever comment on it?

"No, but then again I wasn't aware it was a Page tribute when I recorded it. It was just a riff, maybe because I'd played with them in various projects, it just drifted out of my subconscious. It wasn't a straight cop!" (laughs).

The Atlantic show motivated the band to get back on the road. They toured through Germany (their largest and most loyal market outside the States) to work out the rust, and then looked around at the possibility of dates in Japan and Australia.

With the band firing, Mick says, he wants to keep the fuse burning.

"*Inside Information* was supposed to be the first of a series of Foreigner albums where there wouldn't be such a long gap between releases. I'm hoping that'll be the case fromthe next one on."

Does Mick psyche himself up before going into the studios to start a new LP? David Coverdale and Cozy Powell go camping in the wilderness, Roth goes on safaris . . .

"Hmmm, seems to be a good idea, I should try it. But, no, so far we've rehearsed the songs, taken a two day break over the weekend and gone in to record without too much ceremony."

Jones had by his mid-teens become a guitar hotshot and spent time in Europe playing with French rock hero Johnny Halliday. It was in Paris that he met Jimi Hendrix, who taught him to play "Hey Joe".

In the late '60s he was with an experimental band called Spooky tooth with keyboardsplayer Gary "Dream Weaver" Wright. The band enjoyed a lot of cult success in the UK and Europe, but then came its

decline and Jones and Wright desperately tried to keep it together. It was a real nightmare, Jones recalls.

Partly, he said, because he'd put his heart and soul into the band, and found it heart breaking to see other peoples' egos and irresponsibility tear it apart.

In '76, he played with American mountain guitar hero Leslie West. Once again he threw himself into the project . . . only to become disillusioned when he realised that West was living in his own world.

In '77, he decided to put together a melodic

JOB

hard rock band with a sound based loosely on the megaplatinum sounds of Bad Company. It was the time of lazy dinosaurs like The Eagles and Fleetwood Mac were selling millions with very little effort and Jones wanted to put together a band that worked hard to deserve its success.

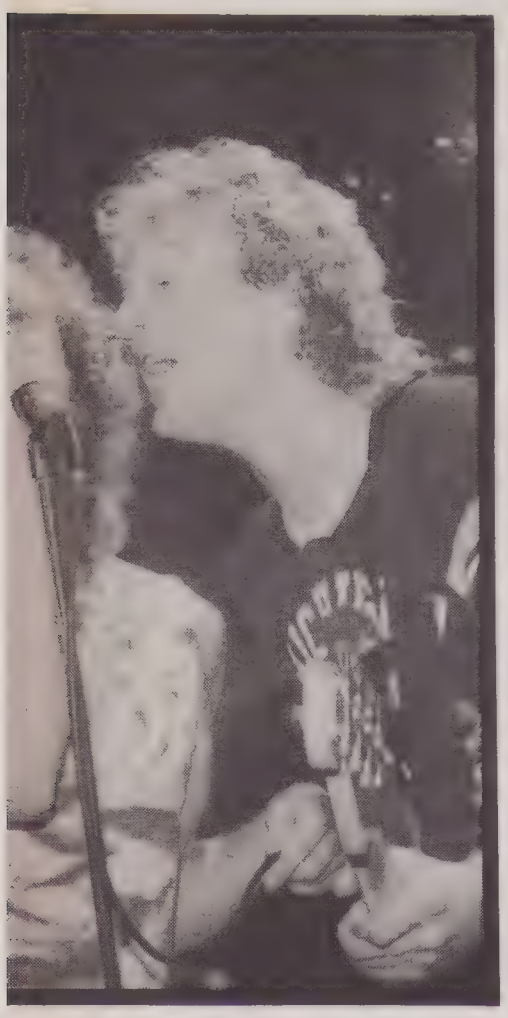
The people he looked at were good solid chaps. Three were English, the other three American — hence the name Foreigner. As for his singer, Jones recalled that in his Spooky Tooth days, they'd had two singers — Gary Wright who sang high falsetto and Mike Harrison who handled dirty white soul. From a little known New York band called Black Sheep he found Lou Grammatico who could do both. Gramm had a unique talent, and Mick knew it.

Jones expected that Foreigner would sell no more than one quarter of a million records.

But things took off, catching the band by surprise. It had some slabs of heavy pop like "Feels Like The First Time", "Cold As Ice" and "Long Long Way From Home" which caught radio's attention and suddenly it had sold four million and they were touring Australia. In the States they were headlining tours after only three months. It was eerie being on the same label in the States as the Stones and selling millions when Mick and the boys had yet to score a platinum LP there.

The follow up *Double Vision* (1978) went on to sell eight million in America alone.

Then came the lineup shuffle and in came bassist Rick Willis, an enthusiastic good humoured British lad who's diffused the tension between Jones and Gramm, and who in his early days had played with Dave Gilmour in a little known outfit called Joker's Wild. He was in Cochise, the brief Small Faces reunion, toured in (Peter) Frampton's



Camel and then spent some time in Roxy Music.

In 1979, he joined Foreigner for their third LP *Head Games* which roused its controversy for a dumb sexist cover which depicted a girl getting raped in a men's toilet and a song called "Dirty White Boy". The justified canning that the band got apparently unnerved and upset them.

They decided to compensate by coming up with their best LP, *4* with two stunners, "Urgent" and "Juke Box Hero". It sold 10 million worldwide. In England, people actually

"We didn't communicate for a year"

believed it was their first ever record. You see, when Foreigner started out, punk was in full swing and Jones had criticised punk saying it was badly played and futile. The English rock press never forgave him for that and consequently ignored him totally.

Despite the fact Foreigner's hard rock track record cannot be disproved, the song they're best known for is a band called "I Want To Know What Love Is". It went to Number One in 13 countries (giving them their first chart-topper in England) and sold a million copies.

"It's become a special song for Foreigner and it's obviously touched a lot of people too. I remember writing the song right here in London and as soon as I wrote it I knew it was a very special song. When we went into the studio it became better and then we brought the choir in and it became very emotional. There were times I'd have tears in my eyes when we did it onstage."

Was the song inspired by a happy or sad event?

"Oh, a very happy one. I'd just met the lady who became my wife. I played it to her and she got quite annoyed 'what do you mean, do you wanna know what love is, don't you think you've found it yet!' and of course I had to do some very quick talking to explain!

"But it worked on a universal level and it's special to me also because it came straight from the heart, which is the way I've always insisted that Foreigner music be. It was very self satisfying to me on that sense. A lot of people in the streets have told me that the song not only touched them but it changed their lives and, really, can you think of anything more rewarding for a songwriter?"

In Australia, I tell him it was the theme song during the Live Aid broadcast and used on a number of marriage ceremonies in place of the more traditional hymns.

"Wow! Isn't that incredible!"

How does Jones react to Foreigner's reputation in America as another AOR outfit, serving only to sell more records and nothing else?

"Well, we've survived all kinds of trends and I think we've hopefully got to that level where we are respected. There's a tendency by the American press to ask very silly quesions or . . . we're asked a lot of strange questions in America and I think it's got to do with the fact that no important bands have emerged from the States in the last few years. I mean 'important' in the sense of a band that changed things in music and they keep looking at American bands to provide some sort of answer and try to bring in some changes.

"But we've never got too close to the press there, never become personalities and consequently never got into the gossip columns and I'm certain that's why we've been able to last so long as a band."

Despite his lack of celebrity or a myth like a Page or Van Halen, Jones is highly regarded by his peers. Among journalists he's known to be a nice guy, quite amiable and rarely known to turn down a drink.

Unlike his peers like the guys from Yes, Pink Floyd and Moody Blues, he's not an avid car collector.

"When you live in New York, you don't have space to keep cars. I've just got a '61 pink Thunderbird, a huge thing. But Lou's a collector, he's got about seven or eight of them, mostly '60s hot rods.

"Me, I collect guitars . . . and wives and children, hahaha. I'm not a person who spends a lot of money on myself because I'm far too busy working. I love to keep myself occupied with work. I like sailing but I don't own a boat because I found it was too much trouble to maintain one.

"I spend a lot of time writing songs, I want to write with other people, work on other projects. I've just finished producing a new band called Dear Mr President, it's hard to describe their music, it's modern melodic hard rock. I've got a lot of energy left for Foreigner, too."

What's the difference between a Foreigner recording session and one for Van Halen?

"Not much, but the main difference is that Eddie has a studio in his house and the guys would come down and hang out there, it was like a party and I really enjoyed that atmosphere, it was a lot of fun.

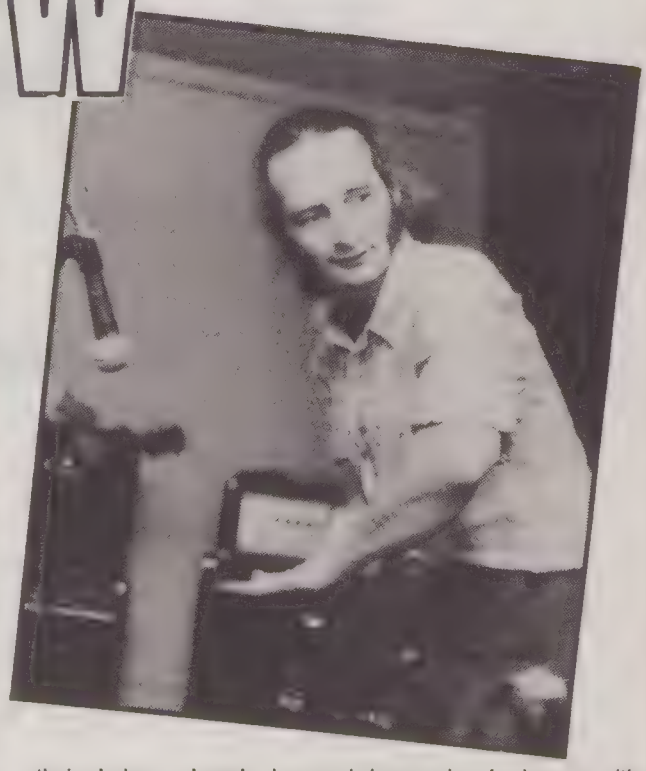
"Foreigner on the other hand tend to record in a commercial studio and I'm seriously thinking of building a studio of my own so we can achieve that kind of atmosphere when we're recording."

I bet David Lee Roth ain't about to thank you for giving Van Halen two No 1 LPs after he left.

"No, I don't suppose I will, hahahaha."

Making mental notes

PREVIEW exclusive



SCHNELL FENSTER
The Sound Of Trees (EMI)

REVIEW A:

(1) Schnell Fenster has three former Split Enz members — Noel Crombie, Nigel Griggs, Phil Judd — plus Melbourne axeman Michael den Elzen.

(2) Because Split Enz were such a great band, their influence lasts to this day. Inevitably, SF will get compared to the Enz.

(3) Because Crowded House also came from the Enz, there'll be a lot of comparisons to CH. Well, they have drums and guitars too, I s'pose.

(4) If there is to be any comparisons between the three you could sum it up like this. If Crowded House went for the upper layer of the Enz milkshake with catchy songs and strum along acoustics, then Schnell Fenster dive to the bottom of the glass, stirring up all kinds of sediment, powders and potions resting down there, hardly visible in the mulch, meeting all kinds of dirty creatures and horror animals there.

REVIEW B:

New Melbourne band Schnell Fenster goes for the mini-orchestra approach. Whack your stylus anywhere along the grooves and you'll get distorted guitars, belting brass, synth tinklings, acoustic guitar runs. This is not the usual attempt to cover up a lack of strong melodies, for it's almost guaranteed that after hearing "Whisper", "Love Hate Relationship" and the ballad "Love Way Away" you'll be whistling 'em, or, heaven forbid *singing 'em.* It's just that Schnell Fenster's bizarre humour and notion of pop is that clean pop has to be subverted.

It's silly to go into each track in detail, except to point out the deep bassline on "Sleeping Mountain", the rock and roll drive of "Skin The Cat", the cha-cha rhythms of "That's Impossible" or the fuzz guitar fade-out of the title track.

Three of the tracks were produced by English team Langer & Winstanley (Costello, Madness, Bowie, Hothouse Flowers). The rest were done by the band. The LP has a thick gutsy feeling, tucking fat chunks of den Elzen's guitar on either side of the stereo balance and characteristically isolating the strained pained Judd vocals within the body of the mix.

The band keeps a rough vocal edge, varying in feel from dislocation to measured: the vocal agonies of the tracks add the necessary uneasy jarring dimension to the music's neurosis.

In approach, Fenster has a similar feel to the first Australian Enz album *Mental Notes,* but the difference is the musical hardware at their disposal and their intelligent use of them. Sometimes they overload, get too arty, and you wish they'd take their lyrics a lot more seriously. But Schnell Fenster's principal quality is the achievement of maintaining a progressive instrumental stance without turning to traditional solos or lengthy "work out" sections, and communicating the mess of their choice — largely dour and doomy view broken up with moments of bizzare humour and neurotic freakouts — with a variety of music that sparks with crisp intelligence.

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER

DWIGHT YOAKAM
Buenos Noches From A Lonely Room (WEA)

When you think great blues guitarists you think disability. Not that those birth certificates actually read 'Blind Willie McTell', 'Blind Boy Fuller' or 'Peg Leg Howell', but those were the names you knew and loved 'em by.

There's a good reason why this tradition died. Not that Dwight Yoakam owes anything to the Blues tradition (other than the underlying element of misery nurtured by the Blues, Country, and Western Civilisation as we know it), but as the world wonders if he really does *everything* with his hat on, how would 'Swell Head Yoakam' go down with his fan club? Some reckon that hat stays on 'cos the hair fell off, but that's no disability; his massive ego and well-documented arrogance are the qualities that make me less inclined to stand on the roof, naked, and shout "Buy all Dwight's records because he writes the best cheating songs in the New Country tradition." We'll forget the image. I like tight, studded leather trousers as much as Jimmy Barnes does, but Dwight's appeal begins and ends with this year's product. If not actually better than *Hillbilly Deluxe* it's at least more thematically coherent.

Four cheating songs here, three by Dwight himself, plus JD Miller's excellent 'I Hear You Knocking'. 'One More Name' tells the sad story of a man who's kept up at night by his wife's unfortunate nocturnal confessions; calling out the names of her lovers in her sleep. The follow up, 'What I Don't Know', is a nice take on the old 'If I catch you I'll kill you' song, and title track 'Buenos Noches' has the great shootout-in-the-bedroom finale; blood on the pillow beats blood on the saddle for lasting shock 'n' shudder effect. Let that be a warning to Mrs Dwight . . . wherever she may roam . . .

Hank Locklin's 'Send Me The Pillow' is well placed far away on the other side; if Dwight has a sick sense of humour, he keeps it well under his hat, so to speak.

Gorgeous backing vocals by Maria McKee (ex-Lone Justice) had one friend swearing it was Emmylou, but my favourite guest musician is the very wonderful Flaco Jiminez, whose accordion sounds suitably plaintive here.

'Hold On To God' shows that Dwight Sees the Light. Praise da Lord. It's dedicated to his Momma, of course, though the imagery is unsettling: *"For he shall return as a thief in the night, to claim his own once again . . "*

Even if you suspected God was a vengeful old thing, you never thought he packed a six gun. When Jesus knocks, grammer flies out the window: *"Cling to Jesus, his lifeline it will salvation bring".*

Not in league with the latest from Randy Travis, but I'll be playing this lots.

— MICHELE KIRSCH

DEVO
Total Devo (Liberation/CBS)

Out of a false sense of nostalgia, I was expecting something special from Devo. After all, they've had four years off in which to come up with it. But *Total Devo* is worse than awful, it's obsolete.

In the late '70s, along with Eno and Kraftwerk, Devo were considered 'New Music'; a way out of the cul de sac of Punk. Like Kraftwerk, Devo were obsessed with technique and over-obsessed with irony. But if Kraftwek were European 'camp', Devo were American smart-ass; and — as this album shows — this has proved to be their undoing.

Musically, Devo are locked in a time warp: their post punk synth-pop now sounds paper thin and, frankly, embarrassing. They have made no attempt to alter their formula (the one that scored them hits with ('I Can't Get No Satisfaction' and 'Whip It') and their brand of minimalism is no longer flashy, but cheap. On songs such as 'Baby Doll', 'Blow Up', 'Happy Guy', and — gawd help us — 'Disco Dancer', Devo continue to fake being dumb and fall flat on their faces. They have even attempted a version of Elvis' 'Don't Be Cruel', which has all the force and wit of a children's tea party.

The Devo image is also unchanged. What was once sinister and amusing is now about as relevant as the pathetic nostalgia for *Thunderbirds* puppets. Apparently unaware of the Acid House scene, Devo have made a big deal about appropriating the Smiley logo ("special thanks to Phillipe Stack for happy/sad face inspiration . . . ").

Total Devo described on the sleeve as "11 digital cartoons from the de-evolution band", is a package built around the arrogant assumption that any old fart can make a pop comeback if they keep a once successful formula intact. But in Devo's case, their formula is well dead and covered in cobwebs.

— JANE SOLANAS

SCARLET FANTASTIC
24 Hrs (BMG/RCA)

I really shouldn't slag off Scarlet Fantastic — the two Birmingham punters who have been lucky enough to hit the big-time without letting it go to their heads. After selling seven advance tickets for their last hometown gig they were public-spirited enough to open the doors to the city's poor and needy — and over 50 people took up the generous offer.

I confidently expect *24 Hrs* to shfit several million units if BMG pursue this marketing policy but if a token fiver is charged for this airbrushed package of doggerel and prehistoric disco-bomp, it will flop like a mohican in a thunderstorm.

Maggie de Monde triesher best to be Grace Jones, purring her way through endless dislocated cliches, simple-minded philosophical musings and half-cocked raunch without ever approaching credibility as a Catwoman. A clumsy-sounding echo machine is often called upon to disguise the hesitation in her crap 'breathy' vocals, and then things get still worse.

Scarlet Fantastic's major musical inspiration seems to have been late '70s disco editions of *Beat Of The Beat Club*, while much of their aimless sloganeering obviously derives from car-stickers and signs hanging behind the bpub bars. I can imagine Captain Pleasure and Lovelady having a real belly-laugh at 'Anarch' and 'Do Not Adjust Your Mind, There Is A Fault With Reality.

— D.J. FONTANA

KING CURTIS
Trouble In Mind (Festival)

There are your aquas and your sepias and your turquoises and then there are your deep, real, intense blues. King Curtis is blissfully monarch of the latter form of popular music. On this re-mastered, 1961 classic album, the Texan floats out curved, nightclubbing rhythms with the sleazy ease of a poker-master blowing smoke-rings in a crowded, roughneck room.

The excellently-titled, eight-minute 'Deep Fry' is worth the price of the album alone. It's lazy stature outlined by a yelping-to-the-point-of-tremulous tenor saxophone and a piano that skips all over the ball park like a streaker being chased by the establishment, represents the essence of midnight jazz. Ironically, it is also one of the few pieces not featuring Curtis' sullen vocals. However, as an expose for his superb backing quintet, it has no peers.

Of the vocal works, the title piece is a gruff, groaning patch of southern lament that's as beautifully black as a Texan oil-spill, whilst 'But That's Alright' and 'Jivin' Time' freeze the listener into that glorious period where populist jazz was about to metamorphise into seminal rock and roll and in the process produce a monster called Elvis Presley. Finally, on this remarkably, rich sounding recording, the decadent delights of 'Woke Up This Morning' and 'Nobody Wants You' are a cutely contradictory coalition between irreverent words and gospel-styled vocals.

— ROBERT VELLA

SO
Horsehoe In The Glove (EMI)

Whilst the English duet known as So gains demerit points for its down-beat lyrics, the sprawling, uneasy arrangements on its album *Horseshow In The Glove* are enough to compensate and make it a listenable, argument-initiating delight. hence forget the fraction-too-much-friction in the words of 'Are You Sure' and Burning Bush' and zero in on the vibrant, Halls-Oats styled fat soil strategy and the creased, emotive harmonies.

To be sure, this is one of the few discs to come out recently that is really an album. One track builds up into the next which helps introduce the mood to its successor. So, on side two, we unobstructively move from the political, anthemic rap of 'Capitol Hill' onto the theatrical, simmering 'Tips On Crime' and through to the recreational electronics of 'Villains'. Hence, like the nightly news, So takes us from a headline political story onto a local crime piece and then lightens off with the sports section. Being such dynamic, percussion-possessed conveyers of news, So can't help but make you sit up and take notice. Even Hall and Oates' private eyes would go green with envy at the spontaneous energy this duo can muster up, and they (Hall-Oates) could once generate, before success became too entrenched in their riffs.

— ROBERT VELLA

THE CHANTOOZIES
The Chantoozies (Mushroom/Festival)

The Chantoozies had a lot riding with this, their debut LP. Already lashed with the reputation of a bunch of bored beautiful people doing Bananarama-type renditions of "Witch Queen Of New Orleans" and "He's Gonna Step On You Again", they redemmed themselves when Brett Goldsmith came up with "Wanna Be Up", one of the best club/pop dance tracks of the year.

Was there really more to them than met the eye (or ear)?

This LP could have been their calling card, if they'd had a bit more imagination and vision. They show off their songwriting abilities a lot more, mostly with Brett G. working with others in the band for "Hey Lord", "Shakin' Up The Ground" and "Kiss And Tell" or bringing in James Reyne to help co-write "Little Boy Blue". The material's got variety and allows each of the girl singers to strut their stuff, but the treatment is heavy handed. They also do James' "Motor's Running Too Fast", which they've retitled "Slightest Notion".

The Chantoozies is two sides of Oz pop/disco music, very competently done but virtually lacking in personality. It will satisfy the people who brought their singles; and if that's their criteria for making the record, then they've succeeeded. But if they'd stretched themselves out or even tried an instrumental track to display whatever musicianship their live shows display, they could have put those "Australia's Bananarama" tags behind them once and for all.

— MICHAEL MORRIS

PIXIES
Surfer Rosa (4AD Import)

Pixies quote The Fall (a mangled snatch of 'Stephen Song' in 'I'm Amazed') so we can: *They pass my home at night/oh they are NOT ALRIGHT/they are ten times my age/and one-tenth my height."* ('City Hobgoblins'). Pixies are benign. They are NOT ALRIGHT. They sport no friendly 'The (like Swans, or more pertinently, 'Elvis', another terror-struck little Fall-song) and they make sounding like someone else into an ugly dream that, come morning, you aren't sure you want to remember.

Who do they sound like? 'Gigantic' sounds like Rickie Lee Jones guesting with Pere Ubu to me. They writhe through The Band and Crazy Horse and (especially) The Falls as if they can hear some kind of history which links them all. They do more than sound like people who went before them — they force the past to sound like them.

Surfer Rosa doesn't have the brazen Latin-mental invention of their *Come On Pilgrim* mini-LP from last year — but I can really remember when I last heard a music with this degree of lazy evil injected into it. Or a music that seemed to pin down things we wouldn't have heard ourselves, to map out ideas in the air and sing them into solid form. With studio air backchat and chopped up fragments of songs, they build the same kind of politico-critical semi-conscious assault on their surroundings as more overtly nasty Statside bands Pusy Galore and the Butthole Surfers.

That's what the new Latin kick's all about, they *neuva onda,* as reinvented by Pixie — songwriters Black Francis and Mrs John Murphy. The Wonderful & Frightening World of Pixies ends up forcing Anglos to put their own world-view through agonising reappraisal.

— MARK SINKER

The return of pomp rock. . . .

MAGNUM
Wings Of Heaven (PolyGram)
QUEENSRYCHE
Operation Mindcrime (EMI)

The cycle turns; suddenly 'head' music is *in* again. This is music to listen to alone, with headphones, preferably in a dark room. Every second, every note has to be savoured. They call it pomp rock; it's music full of texture, intelligence and beauty.

Music like this takes albums to their fullest potential, stretching them over two sides, breaking down the concept of track listings or songs. The music rises and falls, reaches for several peaks, taking the listener's imagination on some kind of astral journey.

Magnum have been around for 12 years, not getting further than a cult audience but utilising each album, sharpening their talents and expanding their visions. *Wings Of Heaven* is an unqualified triumph making a definitive Magnum statement with dramatic production, overblown ballads and impeccable harmonies. The musicianship combines with state-of-the art technology to create magic.

Side One quickly draws you in with a bright catchy "Days Of No Trust", soaking your concentration enough for an epic multi-textured "Wild Swan" with tough riffs and streaming synths, and winding up the side with a series of dramatic pop ballads "Start Talking Love" "One Step Away" and "It Must Have Been Love", any one of which could garner AM/commercial FM airplay. Side Two creates more crisp atmospherics with "Different Worlds" (with as much guitar/drum attack as you'll find on a HM disc !) and "Pray For The Day". But the best is left for last — the superb ten minute "Don't Wake The Lion" where they wrench every mood they can, from poignant romanticism to fired passion which recalls their very early days. In all, a ballbusting finish to a truly great record.

Queensrych's *Operation Mindcrime* has got some initial differing reviews. That's good ! A major and ambitious piece like this needs time to soak in. It'll probably only start making sense to you in about six months, because they've packed so much information and ideas in that it'll take that long to digest before you can divide this into strong and weak ideas.

Operation Mindcrime is a big leap from *Rage For Order,* which in itself was an accomplished piece. *Operation Mindcrime* has a concept running through it — how we humans are abused and exploited simply so that capitalism can survive — with characters like Nikki the street punk who tries to destroy the system, Dr X who uses him to subvert and Sister Mary the former callgirl turned nun who remains corrupt and vice-ridden. Stories and incidents like media corruption, TV religion, poverty, repression etc glide through the music.

Queensryche have an uncanny grasp for dynamics: virtually every note is carefully thought out, but there's a lot of energy powering out. Lyrically the LP has its flaws. They lack the skill with their lyrics sometimes and come across as heavy-handed, and they get so taken up with the sheer ambition of the project that they sometimes lose the strength of the plot. Two songs have been thrust into the story-line without any relebance.

The main thing, though, is that for each person who calls this kind of music hollow and pretentious, there'll be one who'll find it deeply satisfying and even moving.

— STEVE PHILLIPS

SINGLES

BRIAN WILSON
Love And Mercy (Sire)

Good vibrations with this one man Beach Boys first solo single. Brian almost single handedly recreates the urgent summertime fun of his old group. Classic rock radio will love this. Passable non LP B side.

DWEEZIL ZAPPA
My Guitar Wants To Kill You Mama (Chrysalis)

Guitar crazy hard rock from Frank Zappa's now grown up son. This is a cover of one of dad's oldies. Lucky for him, Dweezil is much prettier than pop. Fits into the glam/hard rock craze from America.

DARYL BRAITHWAITE
As The Days Go By (CBS)

Another comeback record, no fizzer this one. A song and production very much in 80's Reyne/Farnham style. This will be coming out of a radio near you a lot over the coming weeks.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL
Suspicion (Virgin)

English group with a big American radio sound. There are touches of many other groups in this very likeable single (U2, Sugarcubes, Echo & The Bunnys). A distorted guitar offsets a melodic delivery.

JAMES MORRISON
The Wednesday Race (WEA)

Much lauded overseas for his brassy prowess, this classy performer hopefully will soon get some Australian recognition. From his *Postcards* LP, a record inspired by Ken Done paintings, James' classy neo jazz sound is great for night time thinking.

LITTLE FEAT
Hate To Lose Your Lovin' (WEA)

Come back for this American 70's band after a lengthy break. It sounds like they've never been away. A rollicking barrel house Southern boogie, that sounds like the band are enjoying themselves too. Send out for a bucket of Dixie chicken.

ALTA MODA
Julian (Epic)

Debut from a multi racial Canadian band. A full production sheen from Colin Tuuston (Bowie, Duran Duran) gives this group a very commercial sound a la a late 80's Fleetwood Mac.

ROY ORBISON & K.D. LANG
Crying (Virgin)

Veteran Roy and new kid K.D. duet on this heartbreaker. Roy wrote and performed this himself over 20 years ago. 'Was Not Was' have produced this with a sympathetic wide screen sound.

STEWART COPELAND
The Equalizer (IRS/No Speak)

A rhythmic electro TV theme, from ex Police beat man, Copeland. The instrumental captures the uneasy twilight world of the big city. Look over your shoulder while listening to this.

POGUES
Fiesta (Festival)

A raucous and frantic song from the Irish Boyo's last album. The B side features the traditional 'South Australia' and an exciting and entertaining instrumental.

TALKING HEADS
Blind (EMI)

A repetitive refrain over latter day Talking Heads African inspired rhythms. You find yourself singing this, in spite of yourself. Those who already own the L.P. will find the B side (featuring Kirsty McColl) a worthy addition to their collection.

CHEAP TRICK
Let's Go (Epic)

Back from the abyss of years of failure, Cheap Trick give us the third single from their *Lap Of Luxury* L.P. I'm sure the band are as surprised by their rekindled careers as anyone. Hard work pays off. A pop rocker this time, with a live B side.

WOODENTOPS
Wheels Turning (Rough Trade)

The Woodentops combine hard American rhythms with a melodic English vocal and song style. This is remixed to really give your speakers a thump, by Adrian Sherwood. Driving anywhere with this on, will get you there much faster.

THE JOHNNYS
Grown Up Wrong (Mushroom/Festival)

I'm almost relieved to report that the second Johnnys LP is neither a disappointment nor fundamentally different from their first.

After all, their first had been such an impressive piece of Boys Own Town rock that one might be forgiven for fearing they were like the writer who has just one great novel in him/her. But *Grown Up Wrong* has all the gaiety and energy of the first, with better musicianship and a fuller focussed and more contemporary sound courtesy Ross Wilson's production.

Despite the fact the Johnnys songs tend to be irresistible singalong twangers — whether they be self written like "No Excusin' My Boozin'" and "Cajun Woman" or covers of songs by the Stones and Chris Spedding — they're not a commercial band. Mind you, this is the kind of music that commercial radio in this country *should* be playing, but that's another story. In another era where radio had more imagination, "Motorbikin'" would already have been Top 5 by the time you read this.

In fact, *Grown Up Wrong* (they weren't allowed to use the working title of *Two Fat Ladies* in the end) is almost a year late, while Mushroom held off its release until they pulled a hit out of one of the tracks. Since its recording, bassist Graham Hood has left and replaced by Michael Armiger who's brought in some fresh new songs which they perform in their live shows.

Generally, the LP reinforces their easy mix of rock and country, their humour ("Middle Sized John") their outlaw and drinking cowpoke images ("Grown Up Wrong" "No Excusin' My Boozin", "Shameless Girl" "The Taller Man") and their fascination with Americana ("Bounty Hunter" "Cajun Woman") etc. It lopes along at its own cruising speed, makes no concessions to Top 40 status, straddles an easy line between being tongue-in-cheek and rough rockin' and, in all, is quite a neat record.

— SIMON MAYNARD

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
(WEA)

Resounding with tuneful solidity and a clutch of wooden metaphors from a life at sea, *Waiting For Bonaparte'* is accompanied by a 64-page song booklet which will certainly be scoured by Underground buskers who're searching for some pertinent political ditties to fling at passing city commuters.

This glossy booklet's musical score of 17 Men They Couldn't Hang songs — stretching from 'Ironmasters' to 'Life Of A Small Fry' — may make 'Waiting For Bonaparte's a more significant package for these earnest troubadours warbling through England's pain at the bottom of every other tube escalator. For the rest of us, however, this is just more expected TMTCH fare with some strong melodies for attention with the "mutinous bounty hunter at sea" lyricism.

Offering a predictably balanced selection of the stirring and the maudin, *Waiting For Bonaparte* finds TMTCH whipping through traditional drinking songs like 'Smugglers' before they open up more on the tunefully desolate landscape with initially telling effect. Their familiar sounding 'The Colours', The Crest' and 'Bounty Hunter' displays a similar immediacy but, as is usual with such seemingly spontaneous toe-tappers, interest in their sound lessens with concentrated listening.

As much as they probably despise the well-oiled conformity that seeps through the pop charts, TMTCH exude a sensible worthiness which is close to melodic mediocrity than it is to the inspired rebellion they so obviously crave on *Waiting For Bonaparte.*

— DONALD McRAE

LYLE LOVETT
Pontiac (BMG/RCA)

A jumped up country boy, Lyle Lovett douses his country inflections in just the right amount of jazz swingtime to offend the purists. It's a format that matches to a T-bone, his askew worldview and Springsteen-without-the-hernia vocals. So far, on the wings of critical acclaim for the "new country", Lyle's had it easy — a critical thumbs up for his debut and a cult following big enough to make him a contender. On the evidence of this album, the guy's gone and got too cocky too quickly.

Pontiac is an uneven collection that far too often slips into the murky waters of misogyny — a new tune for the same old country song. Lyle's small problems are all women. His one big problem is Women. When they aren't after his manhood — 'Give Back My Heart', 'She's Hot To Go' — they're after his money — 'M-O-N-E-Y' — or bending his ear — 'She's No Lady', 'Pontiac'. Unlike, say Randy Newman, Lyle's songs don't really distance him enough from his narrators to have the required ironic effect. Take the corny lads together hokum of 'She's No Lady' ("she's my wife") or, worse still, the lyrical conent of 'She's Hot To Go' where Lyle confesses how much he likes it *from behind* and *on his side* but can't handle it *"on the front"* cos the girl's too damn *"U-G-L-Y"*. This guy's got an *attitude* problem. Which is a great pity, 'cos elsewhere, his precocious, and often laconic, observations are a joy to behold.

On *Pontiac* itself, Lovett plays an old war veteran with a conscience growing guiltier as the years go on; it's a powerful and understated vignette that makes the listener feel like an eavesdropper on someone else's conscience. The gorgeous canter that is 'LA County' recalls the dark, after hours, morality tales that someone like Warren Zevon excells in. Lovett — on his day — is very much in the wry, sardonic tradition of a Zevon or Newman and on 'Simple Song', what starts out as some kind of political fable mutates into a bitter sweet lovesong with the emphasis on bitter.

Lovett, then, walks the line between social acceptance and soft spoken spite, maintaining a wry worldview when he can, teetering over the edge into downright — but tastefully rendered — hatred when he just can't cope anymore. Everything about this collection — from the exquisitely tailored musical fabric to the barbed sentiments — is honed to a consistent wholeness.

Everything, that is, except Lyle Lovett. He's falling apart on his own contradictions.

— SEAN O'HAGAN

The Smiths: rare raw talent . . . live

THE SMITHS
Rank
(CBS)

"Elvis Presley leant down from the sky and whispered to me 'Morrissey's the name of my latest flame'. . ."

Kenneth Williams in conversation with Rowan Atkinson, Old Trafford, Oct 86

Oh the aggression, the aggression. And you never thought they were such rockers. A Noddy Holder style 'Hello' roars from amidst the heart of Prokofiev's 'March Of The Capulets', Mike Joyce's drums run off the stage with 'The Queen Is Dead' and, before you can gasp "Bernard Breslaw", Morrissey is willing us through his harvest festival of hurt and anti-social surrealism, and Johnny is stromping up and down on his Marr Wah Pedal like it's a portable tyre pump.

'The Queen Is Dead' is chased immediately by the guitar spangled 'Panic' which hurries through every rotten alleyway of this spoiled Isle touching and affecting as it goes. Winning hearts and everlasting love from the children of Carlisle, Dundee and Leeds. Which in turn has its toes danced upon by 'Vicar In A Tutu', that camp little play about the privacy, pain, and rights of the practising individual.

There are those who say reviewing *Rank*, The Smiths' live LP, is as simple as having to deal with a sanitised gig in the comfort of your own bedroom. Not so, my dears. You sit and see no twisting shirtless chest and haircut before your eyes, yet feel it all in the mind and the soul. You sense tongues rolling 'R's into your ear and, strangely, your temporary blindness allows you to see just that little bit more than those in The Kilburn National Ballroom in October, 1986 managed. Hindsight and blindsight is quite a formidable partnership and yet The Smiths are so powerful and Morrissey such an enigma that even your new found vision leaves you little more than fumbling. So now you know how Beethoven felt when he first heard 'Bigmouth Strikes Again'.

With 'Ask' poured like yoghurt from above over the more substantial opening tracks, and then the popular mongrelisation of 'His Latest Flame' and 'Rusholme Ruffians', *Rank* takes a rest from its frantic rock out before being curtailed with the glorious twang of Marr's lead in 'The Boy With The Thorn In His Side', that's as sticky, shiny and obstinate as a half sucked sweet, and the golden aggro of 'What She Said'. Side One is bitten to an end, and already *Rank* is inviting as much comment as any other Smiths' LP.

Is *The Queen Is Dead* autobiographical, and how come Morrissey's emotional outpourings really sound better when beaten black and blue by Johnny's (almost hammy) glam rock riffs? The whammy fanfare into 'What She Said' is as majestic as it is colossal, yet Morrissey defuses pomposity by sticking his tongue between his lips and roaring in his best Iggy growl, *'Yeahrr!'*

'Cemetery Gates' has always been one of the most descriptive Smith songs so when pressed between the sticks 'n' stones tale of 'Is It Really So Strange', that opens Side Two, and the sheer volume of guitar and aggression on 'London', it sets a pattern of passion amidst power that continues through the rest of the set. That year's Festive Fifty topper 'I Know It's Over' has it's freshly dug sentiment firmly pressed beneath the sod by Johnny Marr's 'The Draize Train' and 'Still Ill' asks that beautiful but tortuous question: *'Does the body rule the mind? Or does the mind rule the body?'* before having its rear and its lovely rolled *arrgh's* snapped at by the smashing jaws of 'Bigmouth'.

Whereas Side One sent pantomime and poetry scuttling around the feet of its own pop brilliance. Side Two — and in particular 'I Know It's Over' and 'Bigmouth' — must have had the bitter lemmings reaching for their hankies and Ray-Bans in a combined thrill of exhilaration and desperation, and a communal experiencing of delicacy on a mass scale.

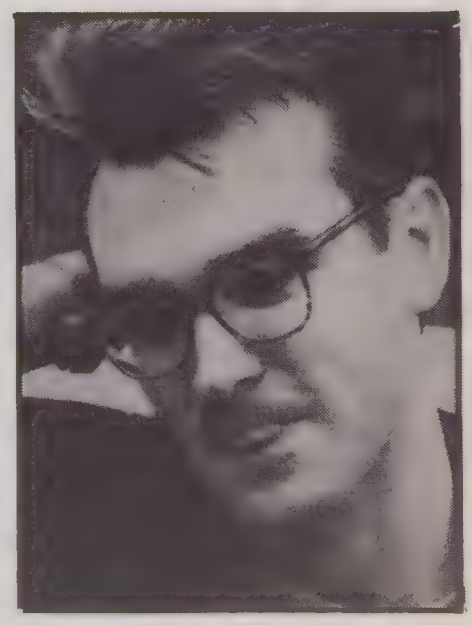
More than anything *Rank* characterises the way The Smiths' songs talked to their listeners. The music has personality and temperament; Andy Rourke's bass on 'I Know It's Over' ebbs into the song like water against a bank. Marr's frequent guitar explosions (above Craig Gannon's rhythms) and Morrissey's raw snarled passions and pouting asides ARE The Smiths and the two together were the lifeline that drew a million shut-eyed paranoid claustrophobics out of their bedsit cemeteries and together. As proof there is a freshness to the delight and cheers that erupt after each song has finished.

No other band of the '80s has been able to write anthems which take the cock out of rock and still devour any stadium or hall without attracting the lagered legions of rugby boys with dull damp pits to their U2 T-shirts and underwear. That unification of the lonely and the choosy brings out a fiery and youthful roar untainted by the macho chants that generally plague live LPs.

The Smiths were described in an English magazine during this tour as being a "nun-eating rock monster" and "Rolling Stones soundalikes"! Well this pop boy says, Thank god the band were arrogant in their obstinacy and self-belief. The Smiths were about independence; sexual, social, political, musical and mental independence, and the worst thing they could have done would have been to start being led by the press' expectations.

The mediocre British mainstream may have hated The Smiths but frankly I have never heard Simon Bates or Jimmy Tarbuck or Erasure say anything as worthy as: *"Hang the blessed DJ/Because the music that they constantly play/It says nothing to me about my life"*. Nor have I ever heard Frank Bough pull up such a profound tribute to 'Metal Guru' as Marr manages on the same song.

Rank perfectly captures The Smiths and



their own reflections of life in Britain. Or rather the romantic assumptions we'd like to make about Albion. The rapes and the hate and the class bitterness never figure directly and yet somehow Morrissey's own anguish, and those landmarks and figures he chooses to illustrate it with, are all obvious products of the more worthless and lanquid sides of our society.

Even as I write this tide of the turncoat rises and falls in me because, like personal relationships, my own interest in The Smiths has either been lifted by love or crippled by frustration. And *Rank* above everything else exposes The Smiths as a humane and caring band amongst a sea of white trash and colourful cut-throat money-making. And to look back on love rather than forward always involves as much regret as happiness.

Live LPs rarely work. *Rank* does. It captures The Smiths during their most creative period, playing their music with speed, passion, and ferocity — three qualities the band possessed that were so often overlooked. For those of you seeking a reformation *Rank* will only make matters worse, it is a live recording of rare raw talent. And for those of you interested in trivia the run off groove is inscribed with the word 'Peepholism'.

I think the journalists have stopped throwing things now, Morrissey.

— JAMES BROWN

BEN E KING
Save The Last Dance For Me
(EMI)

Like a fire-hydrant to a weak-bladdered dog, Ben E King is instinctively drawn to those rarified, creamy-smooth love songs that are blessed with equal proportions of pop charisma and soul character. On his long overdue album *Save The Last Dance For Me* the black veteran is either getting on top in such romantic cliches or getting the lowdown on the funky wrestles, never smothering that soulful style in the process. It is an album of nostalgic past and star presence, all rolled up into something that's as comfy and long-wearing as a favourite pair of slippers.

From the restrained, subtly-reggaed revival of 'Save The Last Dance For Me', to the summer bliss of 'Because Of Last Night' and on to a staccato version of 'Lover's Question', you realise that whilst King's voice is as warm and controlled as one could get this earthly side of Sam Cooke, he also has not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. There's plenty of clicky electric devices and pin-ball bright arrangements to seduce the young 'uns.

The best piece however is not a reworking but rather a vibrant, sassy new dance number, 'Let A Man Do It For Ya'. With its rich harmonies and tightly-strung synthesiser, it's a glorious piece of commercial soul.

— MARTY WILLIAMS

GERRY RAFFERTY
North And South
(PolyGram)

It's interesting that Gerry Rafferty, like his cross-Atlantic soul brother, Boz Scaggs, has decided to bring out a new album after a lengthy hibernation through the eighties. Is it that pop music has realised it needs another dose of racey, white-bread blues that's orbit is not controlled by flashy disco promises but rather more substantial soul utterances? Here's hoping.

As it is, *North And South* is a tasty pastiche of atmospheric, reflective pieces. Like a fleabite on the elephant man, new era instruments such as synthesisers and pre-programmed drums are but a minor irritation on this major effort. Better to focus in on Rafferty's fatherly vocals on the folksy undulations of 'Moonlight And Gold' or his historical stateliness on the title piece or even his suburban wisdom on the snappy 'Tired Of Talking'. And those diverse styles merely represent the first three tracks on this mammoth and varied effort.

Once espousing the virtues of being 'stuck in the middle with you', Rafferty, commercially, is exactly at that point on the tranquil acoustics of 'Hearts Run Dry' and 'Winter's Come'. Ballads, recently, have been devalued by the narky lyrics and vocal ineptness of the singers. Under Rafferty's rules, the words must be both poetically justified and emotionally scrutinized and the vocals stylishly curved. So it goes on these pieces, and indeed on all of *North And South.*

— ROBERT VELLA

STEWART COPELAND
The Equaliser And Other Cliff-Hangers
(Festival)

Artistically, Stewart Copeland is always trying to park a stretch limousine into a busy city carpark. He simply, constantly, picks the wrong spots to manouvre his undoubted riches. The problem, perhaps, lies in what he actively tries to avoid in his albums — things such as sounding anything like Police (cut out the reggae-based, double-jointed rhythms) or trying to attract the teeny-bopper riff-raff (eliminate the cuteness of beat or infectivity of chorus) or even simply, trying to instinctively enjoy himself. All or any of those things would be a cop-out for the artistically-noble Copeland. Unfortunately, that means Copeland is often cornered into the esoteric closet where there are no hooks to hang on to.

So it goes on this latest offering from the dynamic and credible 'No Speak' label. Whilst lacking the basin-blues' flair of Pete Haycock's album or the fizzy jazz cocktails of William Orbit's effort, Copeland does provide intrigue and potential debate as he wheels out the drum-heavy 'Lurking Solo', the glum-heavy 'Screaming Lord Cole' and the quasi-classical piano dabbles of 'Green Fingers'. Still, to subtitle these tracks *Cliff-Hangers* is to turn Mount Everest into a molehill. Much better off was Stuart Copeland when he was residing in a Police-stste.

— ROBERT VELLA

RAY LYNCH
Deep Breakfast (Music West/Festival)
JIM CHAPPELL
Tender Ritual (Music West/Festival)
KENNETH NASH
Mr Ears (Music West/Festival)
SUSAN MAZER/DALLAS SMITH
Inner Rhythms (Music West/Festival)

The Music West label is a relative newcomer to the New Age scene, which is increasing in popularity in Australia — following trends set in American and Europe.

In the best tradition of labels such as Windham Hill, the company is building a stable of instrumental artists, who use a variety of mostly contemporary, electronic instruments to create what is loosely termed "New Age" or modern classical music.

Principally marketed towards a more mature audience, the sounds depicted on the Music West records consist primarily of new sampling technology, taking a reverse role to it's use in other new music forms like hip-hop, rap and dub, by attempting to duplicate many of the sounds associated with conventional classical instruments.

The result varies between artists and individual tracks, sometimes emerging as a cheap imitation of the real thing and other times exploring new ground, by way of sequencing, invented sounds and atmospheric noises. Generally however, the approach is harmonious and safe — taking a few risks.

This is not ambient music — because more than reflecting a given enironment, the music explores more conventional areas of melody and form.

At the forefront of the Music West label is Ray Lynch, whose LP *Deep Breakfast* has already sold over 350,000 copies in America alone. It is an album which adopts a variety of approaches and blends synthesisers with acoustic flute, viola and piano. It includes Lynch's single "Celestial Soda Pop", which employs dinky little percussive sounds to give it a bubbling quaintness. . . it's as close as New Age has come to bubblegum pop. More substantial is "The Oh Of Pleasure" which features a fast pizzicato sequence, low rumbling strings and melodic flute to create a more powerful example of the style's potential. The LP is reminiscent of recent soundtrack efforts by Ennio Morrecone.

Composer/producer and multi percussionist Kenneth Nash has worked on heaps of other people's records, but *Mr Ears* is his solo debut. Using modern drums, congas, bongos, timbales and an array of cymbals, gongs and hand percussion instruments, Nash creates a multitude of textures, which he combines with an array of conventional instruments — cluding sax, guitar, flute and vocals — and synthesiser sounds, bringing in musicians to play anything that doesn't involve drumming or percussion. The sound is busy and spends a lot of its time wondering what direction it's going to take, whether it be New Age, Jazz or pop. Also his rhythmic style tends to become a trifle laborious by the end of the side two.

Inner Rhythms by electro/acoustic harpist Suzan Mazer and synth/flute player Dallas Smith tends to suffer from a busy overuse of textures or as someone once said 'too many notes'. It occasionally finds its mark in more special moments, but is ultimately a confusing attempt to combine pop, jazz, classical and Indian raga styles.

The black sheep of these four Music West LPs is Jim Chappell's *Tender Ritual,* which provides a refreshing solidarity in its use of one, simple acoustic piano — which remains the most emotional evocative instrument, despite any number of new-fangled devices. Drawing on classical roots, with modern influences, Chappel's piano music is sensitive and moody — undulating through childish simplicity, intricate virtuosity and melodic power. A perfect backdrop for rainy Sunday afternoon at home and my pick of the bunch. . . simply because it doesn't try to outsmart itself with its own cleverness.

— ROBBIE COATES

DAVID CHESWORTH
Tantrum
(Rampant)

David Chesworth is one musician whose profile in the public's eye is almost non-existent, but within a circle of other musicians he is noted for his experimentation with production and some pioneering uses of synthesisers.

This release compared to last year's is a bit more pop orientated, with an overall English sound and a slight Sylvian/Japan feel to some of the arrangements. The title song and 'You Pay' reflect the more commercial side of the music on the album, with tight funk-based drum and bass lines mixed with Michael Sheridan's restrained distorted/feedback guitar. It is interesting to hear one style of guitar playing applied so well between two diverse styles of music — Sheridan's other band is Ollie Olsen's 'No'.

There are two songs — 'Be My Witness' and 'Life's That Short', which feature the accomplished vocal talent of Amanda Testro (Tootieville/Wilbur Wilde) doing backing vocals, both of these have a very contemporary synth pop feel to them but the mood set by the lyrics has far more depth to it than this genre normally specifies. The last song 'Places To Roam' feature some soaring sax playing from Willy Zygier (Tootieville) and some surprisingly aggressive guitar playing from Robert Goodge (I'm Talking) and is probably the most Japan like song in terms of the album, but without Sylvian's sleeping sounding vocal.

— MARTY WILLIAMS

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Predator

Major Dutch Schaefer (Schwarzenegger) is a professional soldier. He's a hotshot troubleshooter who is chosen to lead a select group of men into the deep heart of the South American jungle on a mission where the enemy is . . . The Predator.

The predator just happens to be a virtually invinsible, highly intelligent creature from another planet, capable of the most horrific human slaughters. Schaefer's task of seek and destroy seems impossible, but you are watching a Schwarzenegger film and like Rambo, the battle is never lost no matter what the odds may be.

Starring: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Carl Weathers, Bill Duke
CBS Fox

This team of muscle-bound macho's stalk through the dense jungle, firing at anything and everything that moves, turning foliage into waste in search of the alien. The Predator plucks them off one by one, piece by piece, leaving limbs strewn over the jungle floor, which of course leaves Schaeffer and the alien to battle it out.

Dialogue is as sparse as braincells in this David Vs Goliath epic with typical conversations like "Hey Chuck, you're bleeding!" as an artery spurts blood, Chuck replys "Hey, I haven't got time to bleed", and he sprays another 15 rounds of amunition into an offending mosquito.

The actors in *Predator* may have little to say, the plot wafer thin, but it cannot be denied this film will enjoy success in the video rental circuit. The formula is almost always the same and so is the box office results.

Schwarzenegger fans won't be disappointed. Predator dishes out the violence, which is thinly disguised as 'action', thick and fast. There's plenty of glistening biceps and a helpless female thrown in to complete the picture.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

Harry and the Hendersons

Starring: John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, Don Ameche (CIC-Taft)

What's big, hairy and has an unpleasant smell? If you were about to say that forgotten vegetable in the bottom of the fridge, you're wrong. This time it is Harry.

For centuries, scientists have pursued him and hunters have tracked him. Some have even said they have seen him, but none able to prove it until . . . the Hendersons literally run into him.

Harry happens to be a 'big foot', America's answer to the Loch Ness Monster and he's nearly as big. The problems begin when their new visitor doesn't realise his strength and height, and the house goes through some accidental structural changes.

The Hendersons become quite attached to their new endearing friend, but keeping a big foot a secret is not easy. Fur starts flying when Harry goes walkabout, ignorant of the dangers of suburbia and 'La Bleur' (David Suchet) who has been tracking big foot for years.

Harry And The Hendersons has an impressive cast which include John Lithgow whose credits include *Terms Of Endearment* and *Footloose*, and Melinda Dillon who starred in *Close Encounters* and *Absence of Malice*. Most impressive of all though is Peter Hall, who didn't have to utter a word but act and look like a big foot.

Harry And The Hendersons may be a tall story but it's a lot of fun — a refreshing change from the jungle of mediocre titles.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

Gibson to co-produce new Oz soapie . . .

A high-class TV soapie is to be produced by the new company formed by leading Australian producer Pat Lovell and actor Mel Gibson.

The Nine Network has approved the development of the series, which has the working title of *Hot Air*.

It will be the first project from the new team, following the shelving of plans to start production on the mini-series My Brother Jack. The series has been delayed because Mel Gibson has acting commitments in the U.S.A. through to the end of this year.

Lovell Gibson Productions is also developing a third project, a contemporary mini-series called *Times Like These*.

• Mel Gibson

★ ★ ★

Two Hollywood film writers are taking the makers of the film *Tough Guys* to court, claiming the film is based on a screenplay they wrote in 1981.

Marie Comfort and Edmund Fink have filed a copyright infringement complaint in the Los Angeles Federal Court, claiming the film (released in 1986) had a plot similar to their screenplay, *Ride 'Em Cowboy*.

They also allege that the characters in *Tough Guys* are based on their screenplays's characters.

The two are seeking $1.5 million compensation and a further $10 million in punitive damages.

★ ★ ★

A Hollywood appeals board has overturned an R rating applied to producer Tony Brown's new $2 million feature, *The White Girl*.

"White Girl" is street slang for cocaine and the film originally received an R rating because two lead actresses in it are filmed snorting cocaine.

Brown told the appeals board that the film discourages the use of the drug, because one of the actresses is seen to die from cocaine use while the other is seriously ill.

Brown's claim that the R rating would prevent the film being seen by young audiences where it would do the most good, was upheld.

★ ★ ★

American actress Jennifer Jason Leigh is suing a New York hairdresser for damaging her hair in an attempt to make her into a blonde!

According to a complaint filed in Los Angeles Superior Court, Leigh consulted hair color specialist Louis Licari after she was asked by a producer to color her hair platinum blonde for a film role.

Not only did the hairdresser change the color (not to a blonde, however), he also forced most of it to fall out.

★ ★ ★

A Canadian advertising company has been ordered to pay more than a million dollars to the estate of James Cagney, after being found guilty of unauthorised use of the late actor's photograph.

The Ontario Supreme Court upheld a claim that Grey Advertising Ltd. used a still of Cagney from the film *The Public Enemy*, in a mouthwash advertisement, without permission.

★ ★ ★

Martin Sheen will star in Nigel Stafford-Clark's new British feature, now that the producer has completed work on Sting's new film, *Stormy Monday*.

As yet untitled, the new film is being made on a budget of $7 million, from an idea by James Graham and a script by Colin Pahlow.

It's the story of an American priest in Salvador (played by Sheen). It will be shot in either Nicaragua or Mexico.

★ ★ ★

OFFSPRING: Christopher Chaplin (son of **Charlie)** and **Bentley Mitchum** (grandson of **Robert)** star in *Death Of A Schoolboy*, the story of the assassination of Sarajevo, which sparked the first world war . . . if you watch *The Addams Family*, you'll be acquainted with the late **Jackie Coogan** (Uncle Fester). Coogan's nephew **Keith** is in Vancouver starring in a new feature for Paramount, called *Cousins*.

The now 81-year-old **Laurence Olivier** is making his film comeback in *The Divider*, which is written and directed by his son, **Richard Olivier.**

★ ★ ★

IN BRIEF

Tom Waits is in Montreal at the moment, playing a leading role in director **Robert Dornhelm's** new feature, *Cold Feet*. **Keith Carradine** and **Rip Torn** are his co-stars- . . . **Weird Al Yankovic,** currently in the Australian charts with "Fat", has started work in Oklahoma on a film called *UHF*, which he wrote himself . . . Ageing screen siren **Stella Stevens** in Calgary, where she's directing a film called *The Ranch*. She claims she has no cast problems, having given the lead role to her son, **Andrew Stevens,** best known to Aussie audiences as one of the leads in the mini-series *Hollywood Wives* . . . **Troy Donahue** and **Jan-Michael Vincent** co-star in **John Schouweiler's** new feature, *Deadly Embrace*, currently in production in Los Angeles.

— DULCIE JEAN

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

R	E	U	F	E	R	R	Y	A	F	F	E	M	I
V	I	I	X	E	H	B	I	K	T	Y	O	A	I
O	W	I	Z	O	P	E	A	T	L	O	X	C	K
E	O	N	I	D	D	U	E	A	G	P	I	J	Z
Y	B	J	U	Q	E	F	N	E	Y	E	O	M	X
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A	E	Y	N	W	E	Q	M	E	M	R	Q	I	C
A	L	A	N	I	E	I	O	P	I	B	Y	V	A

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB. Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1 Robert (surname?), former vocalist and songwriter with Hawkwind, died last month after suffering a massive coronary.

2 Singer Jimmy (surname?) will be in Australia for dates during November.

3 (Christian name?) John has named his 1988 touring band members — and they are nearly all new faces.

4 Guitarist John (surname?) has quit The Party Boys and has formed a new band.

5 (Name?) has left the cast of the New York play "Speed The Plow" to pursue other interests.

6 David (surname?) has declared that Hothouse Flowers is the best band he has seen in years.

7 Weddings Parties Anything and guitarist David (surname?) have parted ways.

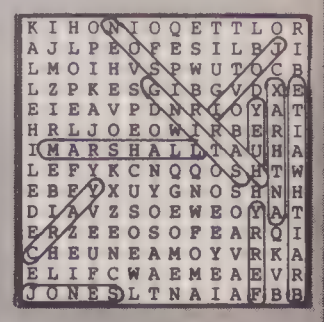
8 Bassist Alan (surname?) and guitarist John Brewster have formed a new band called "The Bombers".

9 Brian (surname?) is back on the road and American critics have praised his three-night stand at the Radio City Music Hall.

10 Mick (surname?) will be playing Australian dates from September 22 through to October 11.

Last week's answers:

Anthrax
Braithwaite
Cray
Ferry
Harrison
Huey
Jones
Jovi
Marshall
Sting



603-611
Little Lonsdale St
Melbourne 3000
Postal Address:
Box 628E
Melbourne, Vic 3000

Phones:
605 4226
605 4230
(Editorial)
605 4228
(Gig Guide)
605 4229
(Advertising)
FAX NO. (03) 6709096

EDITOR
Christie Eliezer
FEATURES EDITOR
Byron Smith
ASST. TO THE EDITOR
Debra Baines
ADVERTISING MANAGER
Greg Phillips
(03) 605 4229
ART DIRECTION
Mark Maloney
MANAGING EDITOR
Leonard J. Shaw
PRODUCTION MANAGER
Paula Parker
GROUP ADVERTISING MANAGER
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GROUP MARKETING MANAGER
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NATIONAL ADVERTISING CONTACTS:
SYDNEY
Syme Magazines
Level 7,
50 Margaret Street,
Sydney, 2000.
Ph (02) 29 6271
Fax (02) 29 7269
ADELAIDE
Tony Giuliani,
Cumberland Media,
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Cumberland Park,
SA 5041
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Perth, 6000
(09) 328 2539
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(07) 368 2307
Fax: (07) 369 4073

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JUKE OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	9	**DOCTOR'N THE DARDIS, Timelords**	**BMG/RCA**
2	1	**PERFECT, Fairground Attraction**	**BMG/RCA**
3	2	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI**
4	—	**THAT'S WHEN I THINK OF YOU, 1927**	**WEA**
5	3	**DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick**	**CSB**
6	4	AGE OF REASON, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
7	13	ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar	Festival
8	18	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan	CBS
9	—	OH YEAH, Yello	PolyGram
10	5	BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House	EMI
11	6	I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros	CBS
12	7	PUSH IT, Salt 'n' Pepa	PolyGram
13	12	MONKEY, George Michael	CBS
14	—	DUKE OF EARL, Dukes Of Earlwood	EMI
15	8	WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
16	11	HOLE IN MY HEART, Cyndi Lauper	CBS
17	17	WILD WORLD, Maxi Priest	Virgin/EMI
18	—	NEVER TEAR US APART, INXS	WEA
19	14	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Liberation/CBS
20	15	UNDERNEATH THE RADAR, Underworld	WEA
21	21	THE PERFECT DAY, Fischers-Z	BMG/RCA
22	10	MOTOR'S TOO FAST, James Reyne	EMI
23	24	THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, S-Express	BMG/RCA
24	—	THE TWIST, Fat Boys With Chubby Checker	PolyGram
25	20	I DON'T WANT TO GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT, Elton John	PolyGram

ALBUMS

1	1	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
2	3	**TEMPLE OF LOW MEN, Crowded House**	**EMI**
3	2	**TOUR OF DUTY II, Soundtrack**	**CBS**
4	4	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**WEA**
5	5	**PUSH, Bros**	**CBS**
6	6	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
7	9	KYLIE, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
8	11	THE FIRST OF A MILLION MISSES, Fairground Attraction	BMG/RCA
9	7	BONK, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
10	—	CHANTOOZIES, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Festival
11	13	OPEN UP AND SAY AAH! Poison	Liberation/CBS
12	10	TOUR OF DUTY, TV Soundtrack	CBS
13	8	VIDEO HITS, Various	CBS
14	17	WHISPERING JACK, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
15	16	LIVE 1980-86, Joe Jackson	Festival
16	12	'88 KIX ON, Various Artists	PolyGram
17	—	THE SHOUTING STAGE, Joan Armatrading	Festival
18	14	WOW, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
19	15	KICK, INXS	WEA
20	19	REMEMBER ME, Cliff Richard	EMI
21	22	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
22	24	OU812, Van Halen	WEA
23	18	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Soundtrack	Festival
24	—	KISS MY ART, Painters & Dockers	White/Festival
25	21	REG STRIKES BACK, Elton John	PolyGram

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**STREETS OF YOUR TOWN, Go Betweens**	**Mushroom**
2	**WALKING ABOUT, Venom P Stinger**	**Aberrant**
3	**FEAR, Exploding White Mice**	**Greasy Records**
4	**REPTILE, The Church**	**Mushroom**
5	**I THINK I LOVE YOU, Ratcat**	**Waterfront**
6	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
7	GOOD TO BE GONE, Wreckery	Citadel
8	MOTORBIKIN', The Johnnys	Mushroom
9	TOO MANY CLUES, Ed Kuepper	True Tone
10	MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave	Mute
11	APATHY, T.I.S.M.	Elvis
12	LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups & Downs	Mushroom
13	SHE'S KING, Marty Wilson Piper	Ryko
14	NO, No	Au Go Go
15	FIESTA, Pogues	Festival
16	TOWERS OF STRENGTH, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque
17	THIN RED LINE, Roaring Jack	Mighty Boy
18	NO WARNING, Toys Went Berserk	Aberrant
19	SIXTEEN, The Spliffs	Revolution
20	JENNY'S WAKE, Trilobites	Waterfront
21	WET BLANKET, The Chills	Flying Nun
22	BICYCLE THIEF, Captain Cocoa	Rampant
23	SWIM TO SHORE, The Hummingbirds	Phantom
24	THE OTHER SIDE OF YOU, Lime Spiders	Virgin
25	BACK ON THE BREADLINE, Hunters & Collectors	White

ALBUMS

1	**BRUTE FORCE & IGNORANCE, Exploding White Mice**	**Greasy Records**
2	**BARBED WIRE KISSES, The Jesus & Mary Chain**	**WEA**
3	**KISS MY ART, Painters & Dockers**	**Doc White**
4	**TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys**	**Citadel**
5	**LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugar Cubes**	**Mushroom**
6	YOUNGBLOOD, Various	Roo Art
7	EVERYBODY'S GO TO, Ed Kuepper	True Tone
8	OUT, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
9	HINDSIGHT, The Church	EMI
10	INSTINCT, Iggy Pop	Festival
11	LABYRINTH, The Moffs	Citadel
12	COPY CATS, Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin	Citadel
13	LOST, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque
14	RAMONESMANIA, Ramones	WEA
15	CELIBATE RIFLES, Celibate Rifles	Hot
16	LEATHER DONUT, Various	Black Eye
17	PADDOCK OF LOVE, Lubricated Goat	Black Eye
18	INTO THE VOID, Various	Waterfront
19	HARD TO BEAT, Various	Au Go Go
20	STRAIGHT EDGE HOLOCAUST, Where's The Pope	Reactor
21	LONELY MR HAPPY, Deadly Hume	Phantom
22	VILOTILE, Lime Spiders	Virgin
23	RUE MORGUE BLUES, Hugo Race	Rampant
24	CURIOUS YELLOW, Curious Yellow	Redeye
25	FOREVERGLADES, Bhagavad Guitars	Redeye

● *Compiled with the assistance of Phantom, Au Go Go, Kent and Polyester*

Metal

1	**SURFIN M.O.D., M.O.D.**	**(Megaforce)**
2	**SOUTH OF HEAVEN, Slayer**	**(WEA)**
3	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! Poison**	**(CBS)**
4	**UNDER THE INFLUENCE, Overkill**	**(Megaforce)**
5	**IN GOD WE TRUST, Stryper**	**(CBS)**
6	**QUEEN OF THIEVES, Taramis**	**(Metal Blade)**
7	**OUT OF THE DARK . . . INTO THE LIGHT, Kreator**	**(Noise)**
8	**SECOND SIGHTING, Frehleys Comet**	**(WEA)**
9	**THE NEW ORDER, Testament**	**(Megaforce)**
10	**LITA, Lita Ford**	**(WEA)**

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records, Melbourne*

Clubland

1	**JACK TO THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND, Hithouse**
2	**JIBARO, Elektra**
3	**ABCD, RadioRama**
4	**DREAM LOVER, That Girl**
5	**LOVE FIXATION, Kit Kat**
6	**MEGABLAST, Bomb The Bass**
7	**RAGS TO RICHES, Kool & The Gang**
8	**DRAGONS MEGAMIX, Koto**
9	**IT WOULD TAKE A STRONG STONG MAN, Rick Astley**
10	**I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN '88, Eruption**

● *Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne.*

Videos

1	**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**	**(Warner Bros)**
2	**PLANES, TRAINS, AUTOMOBILES**	**(CIC-Taft)**
3	**CAN'T BUY ME LOVE**	**(Touchstone)**
4	**SUSPECT**	**(RCA-Columbia)**
5	**FULL METAL JACKET**	**(Warner Bros)**
6	**NIGHTFLYERS**	**(Roadshow)**
7	**INNER SPACE**	**(Warner Bros)**
8	**THE BOURNE IDENTITY**	**(Warner Bros)**
9	**RAISING ARIZONA**	**(CBS-Fox)**
10	**THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN**	**(RCA-Columbia)**

● *Courtesy Movieland*

• **Bomb The Bass continue their ride on the Clubland Charts.**

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	1	**MONKEY, George Michael**	**Columbia**
2	2	**I DON'T WANNA GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT, Elton John**	**MCA**
3	4	**SWEET CHILD O'MIND, Guns n' Roses**	**Geffen**
4	6	**FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
5	9	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI/Manhattan**
6	8	PERFECT WORLD, Huey Lewis And The News	Chrysalis
7	5	I DON'T WANNT LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Chicago	Reprise/Warner
8	3	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
9	7	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	A & M
10	16	IF IT ISN'T LOVE, New Edition	MCA
11	13	WHEN IT'S LOVE, Van Halen	Warner Bros
12	14	ANOTHER PART OF ME, Michael Jackson	Epic
13	17	NOBODY'S FOOL, Kenny Loggins	Columbia
14	10	1-2-3, Gloria Estefan And The Miami Sound Machine	Epic
15	19	I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, Taylor Dayne	Arista
16	19	IT WOULD TAKE A STRONG STRONG MAN, Rick Astley	RCA
17	20	ONE GOOD WOMAN, Peter Cetera	Full Moon
18	22	DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerrin	EMI/Manhattan
19	15	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	Arista
20	—	DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick	Epic
21	—	I HATE MYSELF FOR LOVING YOU, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts	Blackherts/CBS
22	—	LOVE BITES, Def Leppard	Mercury
23	—	HERE WITH ME, REO Speedwagon	Epic
24	—	PLEASE DON'T GO GIRL, New Kids On The Block	Columbia
25	25	ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar	Chrysalis

ALBUMS

1	1	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses**	**Geffen**
2	2	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
3	3	**HYSTERIA, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
4	4	**ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood**	**Virgin**
5	5	**HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince**	**Jive**
6	6	DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA
7	8	FAITH, George Michael	Columbia
8	9	OPEN UP AND SAY. . AHH ! Poison	Enigma
9	7	OU812, Van Halen	Warner Bros
10	10	LONG COLD WINTER, Cinderella	Mercury
11	11	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
12	13	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
13	16	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI/Manhattan
14	12	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
15	19	SMALL WORLD, Huey Lewis And The News	Chrysalis
16	18	HEART BREAK, New Edition	MCA
17	14	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terrence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
18	21	DON'T BE CRUEL, Bobby Brown	MCA
19	17	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure !	Uptown/Warner
20	23	FOLLOW THE LEADER, Eric B. & Rakim	MCA
21	15	RICHARD MARX, Richard Marx	Manhattan
22	22	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
23	24	REG STRIKES BACK, Elton John	MCA
24	25	SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE, Brue Hornsby & The Range	RCA
25	20	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA

UK

SINGLES

1	1	**THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz And The Plastic Population**	**Big Life**
2	5	**THE HARDER I TRY, Brother Beyond**	**EMI**
3	7	**MY LOVE, Julio Iglesias featuring Stevie Wonder**	**CBS**
4	3	**HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe**	**Siren**
5	4	**THE LOCOMOTION, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
6	6	FIND MY LOVE, Fairground Attraction	RCA
7	2	I NEED YOU, BVSMP	Debut
8	23	DON'T MAKE ME WAITIMEGABLAST, Bomb The Bass	Rhythm King
9	10	GOOD TRADITION, Tanita Tikaram	WEA
10	12	ON THE BEACH SUMMER '88, Chris Rea	WEA
11	17	SOMEWHERE DOWN THE CRAZY RIVER, Robbie Robertson	Geffen
12	—	TEARDROPS, Womack & Womack	4th & Broadway
13	16	KING OF EMOTION, Big Country	Mercury
14	—	THE RACE, Yello	Mercury
15	—	TOUCHY, A-Ha	Warner Bros
16	20	SWEET CHILD O'MINE, Guns 'N' Roses	Geffen
17	9	YOU CAME, Kim Wilde	MCA
18	19	RUNNING ALL OVER THE WORLD, Status Quo	Vertigo
19	—	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins	Virgin
20	21	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan & The Miami Sound Machine	Epic
21	—	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI/Manhattan
22	8	THE EVIL THAT MEN DO, Iron Maiden	EMI
23	25	YE KE KE KE, Mory Kante	London
24	13	SUPERFLY GUY, S-Express	Rhythm King
25	11	MARTHA'S HARBOUR, All About Eve	Mercury

ALBUMS

1	3	**THE FIRST OF A MILLION KISSES, Fairground Attraction**	**RCA**
2	2	**KYLIE-THE ALBUM, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
3	4	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
4	1	**NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 12, Various**	**EMI/Virgin/Poly**
5	7	**THE GREATEST EVER ROCK 'N' ROLL MIX, Various**	**Stylus**
6	6	THE BEST OF THE EAGLES, Eagles	Asylum
7	5	IDOL SONGS-11 OF THE BEST, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
8	10	TURN BACK THE CLOCK, Johnny Hates Jazz	Virgin
9	9	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic
10	11	DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack	RCA
11	—	HOT CITY NIGHTS, Various	Vertigo
12	8	THE HIT ALBUM/TAPE 8, Various	CBS/WEA/BMG
13	13	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Bludgeon Riffola
14	12	TANGO N THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
15	—	ROBBIE ROBERTSON, Robbie Robertson	Geffen
16	16	KICK, INXS	Mercury
17	—	SO GOOD, Mica Paris	4th & Broadway
18	17	LOVE, Aztec Camera	Warner Bros
19	19	THE COLLECTION, Barry White	Mercury
20	14	ROCK THE WORLD, Five Star	Tent
21	15	PUSH, Bros	CBS
22	18	RAINTOWN/RICHES, Deacon Blue	CBS
23	-	ALL ABOUT EVE, All About Eve	Mercury
24	—	ON THE BEACH, Chris Rea	WEA
25	22	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista

OUT! this week

Vinyl

* *rush-released last week*

Singles

JERRY HARRISON
Cherokee Chief
WET WET WET
Angel Eyes (7", 12" CD, maxi)
YAZ & THE PLASTIC PEOPLE
The Only Way Is Up (7", 12")
SUGARCUBES
Birthday (7", 12")
SHOOTING PARTY
Safe In The Arms Of Love
THE GENERATION
Black Is Black
EUROGLIDERS
Listen (7". 12", CD, cass)
MARC JORDAN
Boulevarde Of Broken Dreams
EIGHTH WONDER
Cross My Heart (7", 12")
BOBBY McFERRIN
Don't Worry Be Happy

CLIMIE FISHER
This Is Me (7", 12")
JANE WIEDLIN
Rush Hour (12")
CHRISTIANS
Born Again (Remix)*
IGGY POP
Cold Metal*
SOMELOVES
Know You Now*
PAUL CARRACK
Button Off My Shirt*
VENETIANS
Must Believe (cassingle)
MORRIS MINOR
This Is The Chorus
BOY GEORGE
No Clause 28 — Space Mix
TRANSVISION VAMP
I Want Your Love (7", 12", CD)

BREAKFAST CLUB
Drive My Car
NICK KAMEN
Bring Me Your Love (7", 12" CD)
LITTLE RIVER BAND
Soul Searching
GEORGE BENSON
Let's Do It Again (7", CD)
JOHNO'S BLUES BAND
Cairns Boogie
JOAN ARMATRADING
Living For You
ASWAD
Give A Little Love (7", 12")
SHRIEKBACK
Get Down Tonight (7", 12")
WOMACK & WOMACK
Teardrops

Albums

EUROPE
Out Of This World
SMITHS
Rank — Live
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Boulevard Of Broken Dreams
BLUE OYSTER CULT
Imaginos
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Permanent Record
DEVO
Total Devo
VARIOUS ARTISTS
1988 What's Hot
COREY HART
Young Man Running
TALK TALK
Spirit Of Eden

JOHNNYS
Grown Up Wrong*
GO BETWEENS
16 Lovers Lane*
GEORGE BENSON
Twice The Love
ROBBEN FORD
Talk To Your Daughter
CHRISTINA VIERRA
Christina Vierra
BOB JAMES
Ivory Coast
JIM HORN
Neon Nights
ERIC B & RAKIM
Follow The Leader
REBA MECENTIRE
Reba Mecentire

INKER & HAMILTON
Dancing Into Danger
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Action Jackson
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Salsa
JOHNO'S BLUES BAND
Don't Knock The Blues
KINGS X
Out Of The Silent Planet
VARIOUS
Louisiana Cajun Music Special
HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
Small World
ROSSINGTON BAND
For Your Love
PAT BENATAR
Wide Awake In Dreamland*

CD

DEVO
Total Devo
EUROPE
Out Of This World
PAT BENATAR
Wide Awake In Dreamland
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
History Of
BRENDA RUSSELL
Brenda Russell
ROBERT PALMER
Some People Can Do What They Like

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Reggae Greats
38 SPECIAL
Strength In Numbers
ROD STEWART
Footloose And Fancy Free
PETER PAUL & MARY
Peter Paul & Mary
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Salsa
ROB WASSERMAN
Duets

GLENN FREY
Soul Searching
INKER & HAMILTON
Dancing Into Danger
REBA MECENTIRE
Reba Mecentire
LINDA RONSTADT
Don't Cry Now
JULIA FORDHAM
Julia Fordham
GOLDEN PALOMINOS
Visions Of Excess

Video

ALAKAZAM THE GREAT
(Animated, G, Roadshow)
A MAN AND A WOMAN
(Romantic drama, M, Warner)
THE BOURNE IDENTITY
(Thriller, M. Warner)
COLD STEEL
(Thriller, R. Virgin)
DRAGONARD
(Drama, M, Warner)
EUROPEAN VACATION
(Comedy, M, Warner)
FOXES
(Drama, M, Warner)
US ALLPRO FUNNY CAR CHAMP
(Motor sport, G, Virgin)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GEMINI
(Comedy, M, Warner)
IRONWEED
(Drama, M, Roadshow)
LET THERE BE ROCK
(Music, G, Warner)
THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
(Adventure, PG, Warner)
THE MUMMY
(Horror, M, Warner)
NELLY'S VERSION
(Mystery, M, Roadshow)
NIGHTFLYERS
(Sci-fi, M, Roadshow)
POLICE ACADEMY
(Comedy, M, Warner)

RUSSKIES
(Adventure, PG, Roadshow)
SHADOWS OF THE WALL
(Drama, M, Roadshow)
SHARK'S TREASURE
(Adventure, M, Warner)
SPARKLE
(Music drama, M, Warner)
TOPKAPI
(Comedy, thriller, G, Warner)
WAY UPSTREAM
(Drama, M, Virgin)
THE GREAT LAND OF SMALL
(Fantasy, G, Roadshow)
HAMMETT
(Drama, M, Warner)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Got a problem playing back perfect sound? Try the BBE 401 Unimax

In a perfect world, a tape recorder or sampler will accurately play back the sound you put into it. Nothing more and nothing less.

Alas, life is not so simple. Important parts of sounds — called program transients — generally go missing as a signal travels through microphones, mixers, effects devices, amps, wires and speakers.

Program transients are basically very fast changes in sound waves that give instruments and voices their individual characteristics. The 'bite' of a violin bow on a string and the impact of a drumstick striking a snare rely on transients.

It's a problem that has engineers to lose a lot of sleep (and hair).

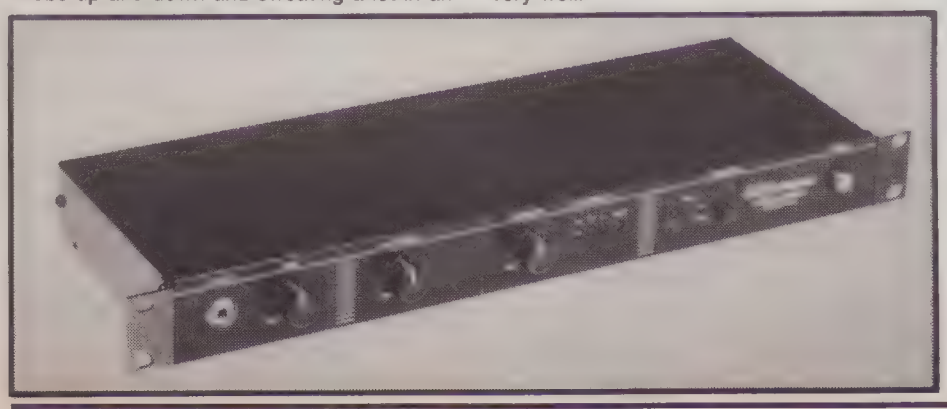
Some try to counter this by pushing EQ knobs up and down and sweating a lot in an attempt to get a faithful sound while simultaneously battling to keep kilowatts of muddy, nauseous sound exciting from the speakers. No wonder so many engineers retire young.

There are a number of sound enhancers and exciters on the market but most add some of their own harmonics and a little distortion to the signal.

That's where the California-made BBE 401 Unimax comes in handy. Basically, it's a black box that monitors the mid to high frequencies of a signal, splits the signal into three sub bands and corrects the phasing and time aligns the frequencies on each band.

It doesn't add extra harmonics to the original sound but, in a sense, compensates for parts of the sound that usually go missing.

It sounds like a good idea but how does it work in reality? Well, it appears to do the job very well.



The BBE company says when you switch the system off, it's like a blanket has been placed over the speakers. With BBE on, the clarity of the original sound reappears.

That's not a bad way of putting it. The BBE connected to a sampled snare actually gave it more presence than you'd achieve even with creative EQ. it sounded 'live', with more punch than before.

Likewise, vocal sounds were noticeable for clarity when the BBE was linked to the sound system. Little details, the vocal inflections on sung phrases, really stood out.

The BBE puts the harmonics in their natural order. So the overall effect is not like any effects device. The sound is not colored.

It works on a single stage process that can be linked in at any point in the audio chain without having to lash out on decoding equipment.

So you can use it liven up sounds for recording or fix up tapes after the fact by placing the BBE between the tape track output and the mixer channel input.

Or it can act as a direct box so high impedence mics or instruments can plug directly into the mixer's low impedence input.

For live gigs, you can plug the BBE into the house PA without disrupting the wiring and causing the manager to hurl you out the door.

Used on samplers, it gives a lift to sounds that previously you may have considered ordinary, particularly those with lots of high frequencies.

The unit is user friendly. The front panel has simple controls including a definition control for regulating amplitude compensation, lo-contour control for boosting or cutting the low band between10 Hz and 200 Hz, a hi-contour LED stack showing the amount of compensation, gain control and a function switch that allows quick comparism of the processed and unprocessed sound.

The 401 Unimax is a single channel machine that provides phantom power. BBE has two more devices, both dual channel.

The 422, a stereo unit with both jack and RCA inputs and outputs, is designed for PA and home recordists. The 822 is for large PAs, professional studios and clubs.

PIANO MODULE

Korg's P3 is called a piano module but the whisper is that the company will eventually release other sounds on ROM for use with the machine.

As piano modules go, this one is no better or worse than most others on the market. The two acoustic piano samples were obviously recorded with close mic techniques. That's ok for rock n' roll but some pianists may be looking for more subtle effects.

The electric piano sounds are better. They are rich enough to please most players.

The P3 plays up to 16 simultaneous voices and a split mode lets you play two different parts in each hand. A double layer mode layers two sounds on top of each other. And because the machine is multi-timbral, a sequencer can play all eight sounds at the same time.

The unit looks and feels tough and at 2 kg is the right weight for live gigs.

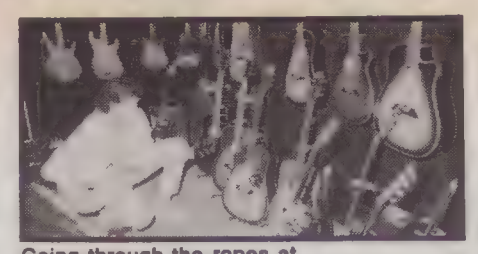
Sydney's International Music Show

Pictorial report by Paul John Watkins

An estimated 15,000 people attended the International Music Show in Sydney last month.

Exhibitor displays included new equipment releases, a selection of quality handmade instruments, band contest, and a drum clinic by Carmine Appice.

Winner of the Battle of the Bands Challenge was Boyer, the lucky band members taking home over $12,000 worth of equipment — TEAC porta-studio, five-piece Brady fibreglass drum kit, Leo Fender G & L guitar, Steinberger CMZ bass guitar and a Roland D10 digital L/S synthesiser. Second prize of a Fender guitar and KMD amp went to Oz-X-Press.



Going through the ropes at Musical Merchandisers

Another satisfied staff member at the Juke stand!

The Australian Sound Company attracted a lot of attention

Checking out the gear at Central Musical Instruments

NEXT WEEK:

• Sex and Pop •

• Pink Floyd •

• Ups and Downs • Robert Cray Band •

• Black Sorrows • Style Council • Carmin Appice •

Live ON STAGE

The Machinations/ Separate Tables

Venue: The Palace, Melbourne

With songs like 'Do To You', 'Intimacy', 'My Heart's On Fire' and 'You Got Me Going', Machinations are the perfect soundtrack for a club environment, where people essentially gather in gregarious masses, with the ultimate aim of leaving in pairs.

Combining the best elements of pop and dance music — melody and rhythm — Machinations have been unlucky to have been nudged into the periphery of the Australian scene, despite a durable career which has sprouted an array of great songs.

In fact it's easy to forget the number of songs in the Machinations set that slot neatly alongside memories of great nocturnal outings, of love lost and found. It is in the context of live performance that their importance — and talent — is truly polarised. It's a set honed by years of writing and gigging, into a tight, energetic and pleasantly familiar package.

Frontman Freddy Loneragan has lost none of his energetic animation and extroversion, his limbs punctuating airspace, like some kind of manic, jellied octopus.

Carefully crafted songs are delivered with a sensitive balance of technique and *attitude*, finding the right line between sterile perfection and raw energy.

The set was peppered with some new material (from the forthcoming LP), but the crowd faves were found in the more familiar surroundings of songs like 'You Got Me Going Again', 'Pressure Sway', 'My Heart's On Fire', 'Intimacy' (one of the best pop/dance songs to be released by *anybody* this year) and a convincing version of Talking Heads' 'Take Me To The River', which was included in the encore.

Great players and great songs, make great bands and Machinations have found the mark.

Separate Tables, who started life as a rather wimpy AOR outfit, have developed a pleasingly tough edge and portray a newfound sense of conviction in their performance.

Fred L (by Jason Childs)

Along with some good songs, the band's strong point lies within lead singer, Lisa Schouw, whose dramatic theatrics and powerful voice provide a solid focus for the six-piece outfit.

Highlights of the set included the band's debut single 'When The Word Came Down' along with the powerful 'Wrap Your Arms Around Me'.

Separate Tables concluded their spot with an all-in percussion jam, which was well received by the crowd, who'd long since fallen into the vivacious groove.

— BYRON SMITH

The Melody Lords

Venue: Prince Patrick Hotel, Melbourne

So all those dreadful hippies, those ugly bastards with matted beards and Grateful Dead glasses, never liked glitter-pop. But I do! I mean, I grew up to that stuff, promoted my first hangover to it, got laid to it, even got beaten up for wearing Gary Glitter platforms to a skinheads' party!

But what do you remember best about '70s pop? It was loud, it was flamboyant, you put on mascara *intending* it to run down your face leaving black marks.

Pop was wild, it was exciting, you bought seats to *stand* on, the halls turned into a mass of wailing arms and heads as soon as the band came on, and they bred performers in those days. People who sweated for their audiences, whipped the excitement level to ferocious ones, and always allowed their noise to be matched by that of their crowd in their call'n'response routines.

'70s nostalgia has probably peaked in Sydney but Melbourne hasn't been far behind, with its clubs and fashions. Inevitably, of course, you get cash-in bands like The Melody Lords who dress the part, blow themselves up to be grotesque caricatures to make their point and sport names like Neville "King" Kadenza (vocals), Tracey Patridge (guitar), Throbbing Glitteris (bass, Amco Veeknees (drums) and Ziggy Sawdust (keys). Their songs are great choices — 'Fox On The Run', 'Billy Don't Be A Hero', 'Department Of Youth', 'Boney Maronie', 'I Like It Both Ways', 'Rock And Roll All Nite' and 'High Voltage' — great stomping anthems, proud to be young, proud to be garish.

Musically Melody Lords are pretty dispensable but their performance is impressive. They handle the masses, have plenty of showmanship cliches that work. They've also got a devoted following that allows its reaction to be heightened by the high energy atmosphere, with complete approval that makes any other audience reaction sound like a whisper.

— BRIAN JONES

Vicious Circle/Cremator

Venue: Old Melbourne Hotel, Perth

Bands like Vicious Circle attract strange motley looking crowds — mohawks, long hairs, Oi! T-shirts, Maiden/Motorhead belt buckles . . . there was even a chick seven months pregnant with a blue mohawk who didn't let her "condition" stop her from smoking, dancing or slam dancing . . .

Vicious Circle and Cremator have been travelling through the country on a somewhat ambitious project — to draw the hardcore crowds out of the woodwork. Judging from the audience turnout tonight, there was an audience out there, although it was left somewhat unfulfilled by this night's performance.

Vicious Circle went all out to prove that hardcore could be a big label proposition. They have the energy of punk but with hooky melodies and intelligent arrangements which gives the music a kind of multi-dimension that 90% of punk lacks.

Mind you, Vicious Circle almost blew it. Minutes into the set, one of the amps blew and the band stood around staring at each other for ten minutes while it was fixed. Surely they could have got the crowd onside by explaining the problem, discussing political issues, regaling the crowd with anecdotes from their American visit. But they later redeemed themselves with a set that spat energy and got the crowd leaping.

But while Vicious Circle songs have spirit and message, that can't be said about the band. The singer has no crowd rapport, the rest of them perfect their imitations of statues. This is supposed to be jubilant music that is designed to be shared around, for Christ's sake!

Cremator are down to a three piece after bassplayer John Cook, split leaving the guitarist to go bass, and the singer to play more lead. Their mini-LP had me eager to see what they had to offer me. In the circumstances, they put on a good show (not helped in its early stages by a bad mix) which had the crowd slam dancing. Once they get a new bassist in, I think Cremator will finally live up to the potency of their vinylised songs.

— DOUG KESSELRING

Big Pig/SPK

Venue: Sydney Cove Tavern

This was a good pairing of bands, both vibrantly physical, and different from the standard lineup of pub bands. S.P.K. and Big Pig both have shows designed tightly round their current albums, and followers of either band get the material they are familiar with on record delivered faithfully and with the added zest of their distinctive approaches to performance.

Big Pig must appeal to a broader population, mixing a rich pop sensibility with their dance-driven attack, S.P.K. with their more synthetic sounds are made for the clubs, but both bands work up a sweat.

S.P.K. Need to be seen live to appreciate their *Gold And Poison* album, with Karina Hayes voice projecting better live against the raw percussion and Graeme Revell's soundscapes than on record. While Graeme's "singing" leaves something to be desired, the contrast of his "Sheer Naked Aggression" with Karina's swooning delivery of "Breathless" gives some insight into the dramatics of sound S.P.K. are all about.

They use fireworks in their staging, and the material itself is full of flare and flash. Their attention to costumes using flesh to pick up the lights, as Big Pig also do, gives you something to watch as well as listen to. They may not be as accessible as the headliners of this three night run at the Cove, but they certainly had the Big Pig audience attentive.

After an intensive tour through America, Canada and Europe, including Wembley Arena support to INXS, Big Pig are tight. Their set had little to fault technically, and everyone who has helped *Bonk* go gold was familiar with the run of songs. They played the entire album, plus a few extras, so noone could be disappointed with the contents of the set. Their energy is running at peak, almost dwarfing the packed houses on the two of three nights I saw them. For some pub regulars they might just have overstepped themselves in slickness, but are surely asserting that they have the strength as well as the style, material, and more than just an unusual lineup to lift them out of this size venue and into the stadiums.

With the reaction to "Breakaway", "Hungry Town" and the other singles tonight, it will be interesting to see if the new goods they promise for their next Sydney/Melbourne run, before they record the next album, will live up to the promise shown so far.

Their lightning has improved, making use of the backline of drums against the front of swaying singers. Smoke and spots shroud the insistant drums in mystery one minute, and bring back the full Pig with a flash of cymbals and flailing arms as you blink. The lights visually echo the contrasts of ominous lyrics and pulse-lifting rhythms, dark harmonies and keyboard and soaring lead vocals and harmonica.

Thankfully the mix was as strong and clearly defined as the black aprons of the band, and though you could barely turn around, let alone dance to the irresistible beats, and often not see the band through crowd/smoke, you could hear them loud and clear. The audience might have been packed hot, but the band were hotter, and won't be forgotten in a hurry while they take a well earned break from the road in the next few months.

— SUSAN RYAN

pic by Marty Williams

Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

THE ALLNITERS
14 Caringbah Inn, 15 Roundhouse, Revesby
ASYLUM
13 St. James Tavern
BACKCHAT
16 Eden
BARRENJOEY
17, 18 Old Windsor Tavern
BELOW ZERO
14 Cock 'n' Bull Tavern
BHAG AVAD GUITARS
17 Selinas
CATCH 22
13 Cock 'n' Bull Tavern
CHADS TREE
16 Harold Park Hotel
CHOO CHOO SHUFFLE
18 Commercial Hotel, Balmain
CLICHE
17 Dapto Leagues Club
LUKE COLEMAN
15 Manly Vale Hotel
DOC SPAN
17 Murmurs, Mortdale Hotel
PAT DRUMMOND
14 Great Northern Hotel
THE EARTHLINGS
15 Royal Hotel, Sutherland, 17 Kauri Hotel, 18 Wayside Theatre
THE ECHOES
15 Great Northern Hotel
THE EDDYS
13 Grand Hotel
ELEVEN ELEVEN
15 DiDi's, 16 Chester Hill Hotel
FALLING BODIES
16 Harold Park Hotel
FESTER FANATICS
13 St. James Tavern
SIMON GALLAHER
17, 18 Twin Towns Services Club
THE GENERATION
14 Grand Hotel, Bondi Junction, 15 Tracks, Epping, 18 Drummoyne Rowers Club
GLASS CANOE
12 Cock 'n' Bull Tavern, 15 Harboard Beach Hotel
THE GO-BETWEENS
17 Selinas
THE HIPPOS
14 North Wollongong Hotel
HIPSLINGERS
16, 17 John McArthur Hotel, Wagga
HOLLOWMEN
16 Sydney Trade Union Club, 17 Annandale Hotel
HOT BLOODED
16 Baulkham Hills Sports Club
JACK FLASH
17 Commercial Hotel, Balmain
THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
17 Selinas
JIMMY & THE BOP KATZ
15 North Wollongong Hotel, 16 Shoalhaven Ex Services, 17 Tuggeranong F.C., 18 Players, Wagga
JUMP BACK JACK
13 The Brink, Sydney Hilton
LOVE AGE
17 Sutherland Royal Hotel
MAD TURKS FROM ISTANBUL
16 Penhurst Hotel
MERCENARIES
16 Murwoolambah Ex Services Club, 18 Lobster Pot, Ballina
PAPERBOYS
16 Nowra
THE PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES
17 Penshurst Hotel
THE RHYTHM RATS
15 Criterian Hotel, Young, 16 Temora Bowling Club, 17 SS & A Club, Albury, 18 paradise Lost, Albury
ROARING JACK
16 Sutherland Royal Hotel
ROCKS
17 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SEA LOVE DANCE
16 Fairfield RSL, 17 Cambden Tavern
SECRET SOCIETY
14 Hoey Moey, Coffs Harbour, 15 Bush Theatre, Nimbin
SKANNERZ
18 Vauxhall Inn
SLATERS
16 Penhurst Hotel
GEORGE SMILOVICI
16 Baulkham Hills Sports Club
SOUL KITCHEN
15 Grand Hotel
THE SPLIFFS
14 St. James Tavern
SUNNYBOYS
16 Macquarie University, 17, 18 lake Jindabyne Hotel
SURF & SEX
15 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SWINGSHIFT
15 Local Inn, 16 West Tamworth Leagues Club, 17 Forster Memorial Club, 18 Penrith Leagues Club
TALL SHIRTS
16 Sutherland Royal Hotel
TNT
15 Three Swallows, Bankstown, 16 Tubemakers Rec. Club, 17 Exchange Hotel, Taree
TILOBITES
15 St. James Tavern
UNDERDOGS
15 Oakes Point Wharf, 16 Macquarie University
WOGANOZI
14 Time & Tide Hotel
STEVIE WRIGHT & HARD RAIN
14 Union Hotel, Nth Sydney, 15 DiDi's, Nth Sydney, 16 Chester Hill Hotel, 17 Guys & Dolls, 18 Lucys Tavern

Victoria

AFRODISA
13 RMIT, 15 Downtown Club, Isabellas, City, 17 Sydenham Hotel (arvo), 17 Stockade Hotel (night)
AIRPORT '88
15 Esplanade Hotel, St. Kilda
GAVIN ANDERSON
17 palace Hotel, Camberwell
ANIMAL
13 Tok-H, Toorak, 16 Memphis Club, Bulleen (late), 16 Myer City (early)
AN ORDINARY FIELD
17 Music Station
APE THE CRY
17 CUB Club, Collingwood
ASTRO'S
16 Central Club Hotel, Richmond
CHRIS BAILEY
15, 16 I.D.'s, Prahran
BAKER BROS
17 The Underground, City
THE BAND WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE
16 Club For Heroes, Carlton, 17 Middle Park Hotel
GREG BANKX
12, 14 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 15 Elsternwick Hotel
BARNEY DOES BEDROCK
13 Arnolds Live Cafe, Chadstone
KAREN BARTLETT
13 Tok-H, Toorak
BEGGARMAN THIEF
16 McKinnon Hotel, 17 Village Green Hotel, 18 Barwon Heads Hotel
BELLJAR
16 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BIG DUMP
16 Dingley International Hotel
BILLY LONELY
17 Royal Hotel, Mornington
BLACK MARKET
16 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond
BLACK SUN
16 The Tote, Collingwood
BLUE COSTELLOS
16 CUB Club, Collingwood
CINDY BOAST
13, 16 Ferntree Gully Hotel
BONNIE & CLYDE
15 Eltham Hotel, 16 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
THE BORDERLAND
14 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
BRITTLE LIVER BAND
16 Croydon Hotel
SCOTT BUCHANAN
12, 13, 14 The Regent Hotel, 16 Bush Inn Hotel, 17 The Regent Hotel, City
ROSE BYGRAVE & MARCIA HOWARD
14 Capital Theatre
JOE CAMILLERI & THE BLACK SORROWS
14 Bridge Hotel, Mildura
CATTLETRUCK
15 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 16 Forresters Arms Hotel, 17 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 18 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
GREG CHAMPION
15 Grand Central Hotel, Hamilton, 17 Grand Hotel, Mornington
CHICK PARIS QUINTET
15 Limerick Arms Hotel, Sth Melb
CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS
15 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
COBBERS
14 Dan O'Connell Hotel, Carlton, 16 Myer City Store (lunch), 16 Richmond Secondary College (night), 17 Myer City Store (lunch), 17 LaTrobe University (night)
COLD BLUE HUNGER
14 Central Club
CHRISTOPHER COE IN MELBOURNE
15 Esplanade Hotel, St. Kilda
COMPANY B
13 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb., 15 Riverside Inn, 17 Tok-H, Toorak
THE CREATURES
15 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
THE CRUCIFIXATION
14 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
LEO DALTON
15 Somerville Hotel, Somerville, 17 Riviera Hotel, Seaford
DOUBLE TROUBLE
14 Greensborough Hotel, 15 Club Hotel, East Ringwood, 16 Greensborough Hotel, 16 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb., 17 Dorset Gardens Hotel
BRENDAN DOUGLAS
16 Down Under Bar, Sth Yarra
JAMES EATON
17 Down Under Bar, Sth Yarra
ELEMENTAL
16 Middle Park Hotel
ENNISBREA
17 Elsternwick Hotel
EUREKA
15, 16 Chetwynds, Nth Melb
THE FABS
14 Refinery Niteclub, Geelong, 15 Lincolnshire Arms Hotel, Essendon, 16 Oakleigh Hotel, 17 HJ's, Sth Yarra, 18 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melbourne
FESTER FANATICS
15, 17 Duke of Edinburgh
FIDDLESTIX
16, Next Wave Festival, Geelong market Square, 18 Next Wave Festival, Geelong Town Hall
MARTY FIELDS
12, 14 The REgent Hotel, City, 14 Music & Theatre Co. Cafe (late) 15, 17 Bush Inn Hotel, 16 Lazar Melbourne (late), 16 Woolpack Hotel (early)
FIRST ISSUE
16 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
FIVE LOSE TIMMY
16 The Tote, Collingwood
FIXATIONS
14 Riverside Inn, 16 Union Hotel, Windsor
FLYING ZUCCINI BROS
15 Riviera Hotel, Seaford, 16 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 17 Candy Tavern, Brunswick
JOE FOX TALBOT
15 Grand Hotel, Mornington, 16 Riviera Hotel, Seaford
FRONTRUNNERS
15 Waltzing Matilda Hotel, 17 Harp of Erin Hotel
THE FRUSTRATIONS
15 CUB Club, Collingwood
FUNHOUSE
14 Corner Hotel, Richmond
GASH
15 Duke of Edinburgh
GIMIX
15 Sir Henry Barklay Hotel, Heidelberg, 16 Nicabelas, Malvern, 17 Velvets, Bendigo, 18 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
GIRL MONSTER
17 Middle Park Hotel
GOOD HEAVENS
16 The Underground, City
GRAND SLAM
17 Seven Creeks Run, Euroa
DAVE GRAY
16 The Regent Hotel, City
GROUND ZERO
17 Junction Hotel, Newport
GROWN UPS
16 Mentone Hotel
COLIN HAY ACOUSTIC BAND
18 Botanical Hotel, Sth Yarra
COLIN HAY BAND
15 Esplanade Hotel, St Kilda, 17 Royal Hotel, Drouin
HIPSLINGERS
16, 17 John McArthur Tavern, Wagga
JON HOLLAND
13, 15 The Regent Hotel, City, 17 Zacs Restaurant, City, 18 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha
ANDREW HOSKING
15 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 16 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha
STEVE HUNTER
17 Bayswater Hotel
THE IMPOSSIBLES
17 Tottenham Hotel
JABULANI
17 Dingley International
MAGGIE JACKSON
14 Churchers, Richmond, 16, 17 Reef Restaurant, City
JANZ
13 Performing Arts Centre, Geelong, 16 Ararat Town Hall, 17 Zanies, City
JOHNNY FAVOURITE
14 Zanies, City, 15 Cafe Venice, Sth Yarra, 18 Star Hotel, Sth Melb (early), 18 Underground, City (late)
FRANK JONES & THE WHOLE TOWN
17 Royal Derby Hotel, Fitzroy, 18 Cub Club, Collingwood
PAUL KEELAN
14 Ferntree Gully Hotel
ADRIAN KEOGH
12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 Alberg Hotel, Mt Hotham
KILLJOYS
16 Corner Hotel, Richmond
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
15 Chasers, 16 Mentone Hotel, 17 Music Station
LADY IN A JAM
16 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster
THE LANTERNS
17 Cub Club, Collingwood
THE LAST SUPPER
15 Central Club
LITTLE RIVER BAND
13 Performing Arts Centre, Geelong, 14 Capital Theatre, Warrnambool, 15 West Gippsland Arts Centre, 16 Ararat Town Hall, 17 Seven Creeks Run, Euroa, 18 Lavington Sports Club, Albury
LIVING PROOF
17 Langwarrin Hotel
LONELY BOYS
14 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 15 Tankerville Arms, 16 Bensons Tavern, 17 Her Majestys
LOST & FOUND
17 Somerville Hotel
ANDY LUTZE & ELEC TRIC CO
15 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong, 16 Jam Club, Morwell
MACHO CLOWNS
16 Prince of Wales Hotel
OLLIE MARTIN
13 Tok-H, Toorak, 16 Memphis Club, Bulleen
PETE MARWICK
16 Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 17 Village Bell Hotel, St Kilda
MASS CONFUSION
16 Duke of Edinburgh
RICHARD MATASKA
15, 16 The Regent Hotel, City
TESS McKENNA
17 Royal Derby Hotel, Fitzroy
PATRICK McMAHON
16 Dingley Powerhouse, Dingley
MELODY LORDS
18 The Underground, City
MEN WITHOUT SHAME
14 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 15 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 16 Isabellas, City, 17 Astradome, Traralgon
METROPLAY
14 Railway Hotel, Nth Fitzroy, 15 Edwards Tavern, 16 Meadow Hotel, Campbellfield, 17 Theatre Royal, Castlemaine
MIA STONE'S BALL & CHAIN
14 Thrash Dance Club, Richmond
MIND THE STEP
16 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick
MODIFICATIONZ
15 Ferntree Gully Hotel
MOJO BLUES BAND
16 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy, 17 Pier Hotel, Port Melb
MARGARET MORRISON QUARTET
13 The Regent Hotel, City
MOUTH ON A STICK
17 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
NAKED CITY
18 Khyatts, Brighton
THE NAZZ
13 Edwards Tavern, 14 Grainstore Tavern, 15 Falcons Nest, Nth Melb, 16 The Underground, City, 17 Francis Hotel, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
15 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 18 The Met, Nth Melbourne
NEW FRONTIER
17 Sir Henry Barklay Hotel, Heidelberg, 18 Star Hotel, Sth Melbourne
ROSS NICHOL
17 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
NICK BARKER AND THE REPTILES
15 Chasers, 17 Corner Hotel, Richmond
NITE COURT
17 Coach & Horses Hotel, Ringwood
THE NUBILES
16 Mentone Hotel
OVERDRIVE
16 Monash Hotel, Clayton
PARTY ANIMALS
16 Richmond Social Club, 17 Memphis Club, Bulleen
LISETTE PAYET
13, 14 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
GUY PEARCE
16 Melbounre Boulevard, City
PERDITION
17 Duke Of Edinburgh
PERRY MASON & THE SUSPECTS
17 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel
PRIOR CONVICTION
14 Richmond Club Hotel
THE PROJECT HORNS
18 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel
RADIO LUXEMBOURG
16 Prince of Wales Hotel
THE RAINDOGS
17 CUB Club, Collingwood
R.D.O.
16 Harp Hotel, Kew, 17 Wyung Hotel, Bairnsdale
REAL TIME
16 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 17 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
RECOMMENDED DOSE
17 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
RICHIE RUDDER'S RAVE REVUE
14 The Roxy, Sth Melbourne
TIM ROBINSON
18 Somerville Hotel
ROCK STEADY
14 Oakleigh Hotel, 15 Bensons Tavern, 16 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 17 Dingley International
THE RODZ
16 Eltham Hotel
STAN ROFE
16 Menzies Tavern, City, 17 Bayswater Hotel
THE ROMEOS
16 Heroes, Carlton
ROOF CATS
16 Tower Hotel, Alphington
ROOM SERVICE BLUES BAND
18 Barwon Heads Hotel
ROUTE 66
14 Loaded Dog, Fitzroy, 18 Star Hotel, Sth Melbourne
RUNNING BEARS
14 Parkview Hotel
SACRED COWBOYS
15 Mentone Hotel, 17 Corner Hotel, Richmond
SAHARA
15 West Gippsland Arts Centre
SCARY BILL
15 Mentone Hotel, 16 Central Club, Richmond, 17 Prince of Wales Hotel
SCHNELL FENSTER
14 Velvets Night Club, 16, 17 The Club, Collingwood
SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88s
16 Geelong Hotel, 17 Phillip Island F.C Social Club
SEVEN
15 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
SHADOW PUPPETS
16 Middle Park Hotel
SHARKS
17 Village Green Hotel
BRODERICK SMITH BAND
15 Monash Uni, 16 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 17 Village Green Hotel, 18 Parkview Hotel

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17 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
MARC SMITH
17 Riviera Hotel, Seaford
SNAKES & LADDERS
15 Palace Hotel, Camberwell
THE STAND
15 Mentone Hotel
THE STATE
16 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 17 The Palace
STEALERS
14 Memphis Club, Bulleen, 15 Kilkenny Inn, City, 16 Spyhole, Nth Fitzroy, 17 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 18 Brewsters, Essendon
STRANGELOVE
14 Cub Club, Collingwood
SUDAFED
17 Duke Of Edinburgh
TEACHERS PETS
12 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 14 Central Hotel, Brighton, 16 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 17 Warringal Village Shopping Centre (morning), 17 Nicabellas, Malvern
THE SUSPECT HORNS & CHORUS
17 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel
TATTOO REMOVALISTS
16 Heroes, Carlton
TEA FOR THREE
18 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn
TEMPLE OF BOOM
17 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb
THRESHOLD
16 Monash Hotel, Clayton
THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO
15 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel
TOM & JERRY
15 Bayswater Hotel
TURBO LUV NUNS
16 Sentimental Bloke Hotel
TURBO TRIO
13 Tok-H, Toorak
TWO'S A CROWD
16 Homebush Hotel, Nth Melbourne
TWO TIMERS
18 The Regent Hotel, City
UP ALL NIGHT
15 Panton Hills Hotel, 16 Royal Derby Hotel, 17 Zanies, City
URBAN PRINCIPLE
16 Corner Hotel, Richmond
VACATION IN HARLEM
15, 16 The Man, Falls Creek
STEVE VAN
17 Rangers Hotel, Gembrook
VICE VERSA
16 Coach & Horses Hotel, 18 Nu Hotel, Dandenong
VICTORY
15 Isabellas, City, 17 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel
VIDA-J
17 Monash Hotel, Clayton
MR. JAMES VINCENT
16 Railway Hotel, Windsor
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
16 Meadow Inn Hotel, Campbellfield, 17 The Tote, Collingwood
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
15 Prince Of Wales Hotel, 18 Barwon Heads Hotel
WINDSCREEN VIPERS
16 The Tote, Collingwood
BRIAN WOOD
12 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 13 Beverley Hills Bar, Sth Melb, 14 Star & Garter Hotel, Sth Melb, 15 Rix Bar, Caulfield, 16 Tower Hotel, Hawthorn, 17 Mitzies, Brighton
WORLDS AWAY
18 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel
X
16 Prince Of Wales Hotel
ZZAZZ
18 Monash Hotel, Clayton

South. Aust.

BACHELORS FROM PRAGUE
15, 16, 17, 18 Club Foote
BLACK SORROWS
16, 17 Tivoli Hotel, 18 Colonnades Tavern
THE BLOKES
14 Oriental Hotel, 15 Jules, 16 Bridgewater Inn, 17 Colonel Light
BONSAI CAT
13 Royal Admiral Hotel
THE BOYS
14 Griffins-Head Tavern
EVERYS
16, 17 Tivoli Hotel, 18 Colonnades Tavern
LADY BE GOOD
15 Thebarton Theatre, 16 Le Rox
PARTY KLONES
12 Royal Admiral Hotel
RATS IN THE WALLS
13 Century Hotel
RHYMES WITH FISH
14 Royal Admiral Hotel
RUN A MOCK
15 Royal Admiral Hotel
THIS HOUSE IS JUMPING
16 Bridgewater Inn

West. Aust.

BLACK WIDOWS
17 Clover Room, Cloverdale Hotel
DREAD AFFAIR
16 Limbo Dance Club, City
FABULOUS HALLUCINATIONS
15 Limbo Dance Club
FAT SAM & THE GLEETONES
16 Glee Club, 18 The Underground
FAUNCHY
18 Swing Shift, Warwick
ICE TIGER
18 Charles Hotel
JETS
15 Cloverdale Hotel, 16 Swing Shift, Warwick
THE KIND
16 21st Century, Charles Hotel
LIVING FICTION
18 Vegas, North Perth
PARIS
15 Belmont Hotel
REDWING
16 Belmont Hotel
ROOKIES
18 Cloverdale Hotel
SPINFX
15 21st Century, Charles Hotel, 17 Lemon Tree Bar
TIN ROOF
17 Northbridge Hotel
TORA TORA TORA
16 Vegas, North Perth
WRIGHT BROS
13 Charles Hotel
X CAPRI
17 Vegas, North Perth

Queensland

COMMON DESTINY
17 Springhill Hotel
GUILT EDGE
17, 18 Sunnybank Hotel
SECRET SOCIETY
18 World Expo '88, River Stage
SUNNYBOYS
12 Expo, 14 Q.I.T.
TAKE THE 5TH
17 Atcherly Hotel, Brisbane
VOODOO LUST
16 Roxy Hotel, 17 The Patch

Oz CONCERT TOURS

INXS
October 14: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
October 21: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
October 26: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 31: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 8: Perth Entertainment Centre

JOHN FARNHAM
November 12: Rymill Park (Adelaide)
November 17: Bruce Stadium (Canberra)
November 24: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 30: Sydney Entertainment Centre
December 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
December 15, 16: National Tennis Centre (Melbourne)

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

MICK JAGGER
September 22, 23: Entertainment Centre, Brisbane
September 26, 27, 29: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 1: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 6, 7, 14, 15, 17: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 10, 11: Burswood Superdome, Perth

JOAN ARMATRADING
September 15: Adelaide
September 18: Perth
Venues T.B.A.

JOE COCKER
September 14, 15, 16: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
September 20: Sydney Entertainment Centre
September 24: Velodrome, Launceston
September 27: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
September 30: Perth Entertainment Centre

DON McLEAN
September 28, 29, 30: Hilton International Hotel, Melbourne
October 1: Hilton International Hotel, Melbourne

WHITNEY HOUSTON
October 22: Melbourne National Tennis Centre
October 25: Bruce Stadium, Canberra
October 31: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 7: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 11: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BRYAN FERRY
October 21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 4: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
November 7: Adelaide Festival Theatre
November 11: Perth Entertainment Centre

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
September 12: Sydney Enmore Theatre
September 15: Brisbane Easts Leagues Club
September 19: The Metro, Melbourne
September 21: Le Rox, Adelaide

FOREIGNER
September 20: Melbourne National Tennis Centre
September 23: Sydney Entertainment Centre
September 26: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

AMERICA
September 27: Canberra School of Music
September 28: Lake Jindabyne Hotel
September 29: Tamworth West Leagues Club
September 30: Seagulls F.L.F.C.
October 1: Seagulls F.L.F.C.
October 2: Ballina RSL
October 4: Port Maquarie RSL
October 5, 6: Balmain Leagues Club
October 7: Ferntree Gully Hotel, Vic
October 8: The Palace, St. Kilda, Vic
October 9: 21st Century Dance Club, Vic
October 11: Wagga Rules Club, NSW
October 12: Revesby Workers Club, NSW
October 13: Dapto Leagues Club NSW
October 14, 15: St. George Leagues Club
October 16: Newcastle Workers Club

MONTEREY JAZZ
October 1: Lyric Theatre, Brisbane (1.30pm)
October 1: Concert Hall, Brisbane (2.00pm)
October 4: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
October 6: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Sydney Sports Centre

JIMMY BUFFETT
November 2: Newcastle Civic Centre
November 4: Brisbane Festival Hall
November 5: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 8: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
November 10: Melbourne Concert Hall
November 12: Perth Entertainment Centre

THE MONKEES
September 21-25: Twin Towns Services Club, Tweed Heads
September 27-30: Burswood Casino, Perth
October 1: Queens Park Theatre, Geraldton
October 4, 5: Hobart Convention Centre, Wrest Point
October 6: Princess Theatre, Launceston
October 7: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Adelaide Festival Theatre
October 12: Newcastle Civic Centre
October 13: State Theatre, Sydney
October 16: Blazes Entertainment Centre, West Tamworth L.C.

STING
November 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 10: Adelaide Memorial Drive
November 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 16: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 18, 19: Sydney Entertainment Centre

RUN DMC
November 11: Melbourne Festival Hall
November 12: Hordern Pavilion, Sydney (over 18's)
November 13: Hordern Pavilion, Sydney

DAVID LEE ROTH
October 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
October 15: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
October 18: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 19: Canberra Bruce Stadium
October 22: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BROS.
October 28: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 31: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 3: Sydney Entertainment Centre

THE Last WorD

Send your letters to The Last Word, Juke-Australia's Music Weekly, Box 628E, Melbourne, 3001.

The writer of the best letter published each week will receive $20 for making the effort.

Ah'm A-Trading

Could you interview Joan Armatrading for *Juke*? Her new album *The Shouting Stage* is one of the best I've heard released this year — by any artists.

I'd like to know what she thinks of Tracy Chapman and why she wanted Mark Knopfler on her new album. She's a brilliant songwriter, the more you listen to the album, the more you are aware of how powerful it is.

We've got our tickets to her Adelaide concert, wouldn't miss it for quids. Please interview her in Oz during this '88 world tour.

Margot Holland
Kingston Park, SA

Great Scott!

ATTENTION ALL SCOTT WALKER FANS,

I would like to use your publication as a means to a call to arms for all Scott Walker fans around Australia.

It is high time Philips released those brilliant albums *Scott 1-4*. Especially onto compact disc. I personally consider *Scott 4* to be one of the outstanding LPs of the 1960's and it still strikes home today, as fresh as ever.

According to Mr. Fred Dellar of *New Musical Express* (May 18, 1988) he receives weekly many letters concerning the reclusive Scott Walker, some from Australia, and I would welcome any correspondence from Scott fans from around Australia.

I have just sent a plea to Phonogram Ltd. P.O. Box 2BF, London, W1A, 2BF England, to re-release *Scott 1-4* onto compact disc, and, more importantly to bring to light some 40 or more of Scott's material at present languishing in a vault at Phonogram.

It's time for more history fans around this great country to get behind me and lobby Phonogram in London.

Jack Geitz
Flat 5,243 Charles Street
Launceston, Tasmania 7250.

Scott Walker

Popular Music/ Muzak

Once upon a decade, there was a fellow named 'Popular Music'. Growing up in the sixties, he eventually became the leader of a whole movement of young persons who refused to be fooled by the false, consumerist values of an increasingly more right-wing world. Under his influence a whole generation of youths discovered the joys of free love, free dope, free protests, and free education. With an army of Velvets, Beatles and Doors, he marched on into the Seventies, again creating subcultures with a sense of identity and style.

Under his influence another generation of youths told their fascist rightwing governments to stick their f...ing dole chequest, and discovered the joys of nosepiercing, hairdyeing, window smashing, and of course, Doc Martins. Even in the early Eighties, 'popular music' still worked furiously, building up an army of angry young Smiths and Joy Divisions.

But one day 'Popular Music' ran into a three headed monster named Stock Aitken Waterman. Fixing his eyes with a semi-naked female, and mesmerizing him with a hypnotic drum machine beat, they turned Popular Music into a fellow who spent the rest of his years selling anaethetizing syntho-pop that made his followers forget the very world they should be protesting about, and encouraged the materialistic utilitarian values that only twenty years before his followers had fought against.

Popular Music never lived to see the Nineties. He was eventually bludgeoned to death by an army of Kylies, Mel & Kims, Natalies, Sabrinas, Sinittas, Bananas, Deads, Alives, Astleys . . . Get my message?

Belinda Johnston
Ballarat, Vic

Shh-boom!

I feel obliged to enter into the argument about the income of rock stars. In the present economic climate, the high earning people of the country should set an example to the rest of us by ploughing their money into the country they live in and assumedly love.

Each week I read about how these people like INXS or Jimmy Barnes lash out buying new houses and cars. Our supposedly socialist government should put a ceiling on an income that people can earn, and "donate" the rest to an Australia Fund. Rock people shouldn't sing about equality, they should distribute the wealth we give them.

Nadge Fowler
Middle Swan, WA

Great story on Australian bands getting ripped off by overseas acts. Who cares what kind of acts these bigshots want? The law is there to protect the Australian musician. If it is being so blatantly abused, either the authorities should police it, or get rid of the law.

R. Mac
Yarralumla, ACT

Of all the Painters & Dockers stories I've read, the one by Byron Smith was the most revealing, the most sympathetic and the bloody best ever! Now how about letting him loose on my second favourite band Hoodoo Gurus?

Tracey
Clayton, Vic

In reference to Glenn Frey's comments on Neil Young, I'd just like to ask, "When the f..k has Glenn Frey ever made a decent record?"

Jason Griffiths
Echuca Village, Vic

Hi there people! My name is Mikiko Sutherland and I'm 24 years old. I'd really love to hear from guys and girls who are into INXS, U2, Bon Jovi, A-Ha, Crowded House or any other rock.

If you're interested put your pen to paper and scribble a note to: **Mikiko Sutherland, 666, Nobi, Yokosuka-Shi, Kanagawa-ken, 239, Japan.**

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Rick
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Ph Dylan (03) 610 2284 BH

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publisher wishes to review Aussie artists for European publishing and recording deal. Solo or groups considered. Forward details, photo and sound recording to
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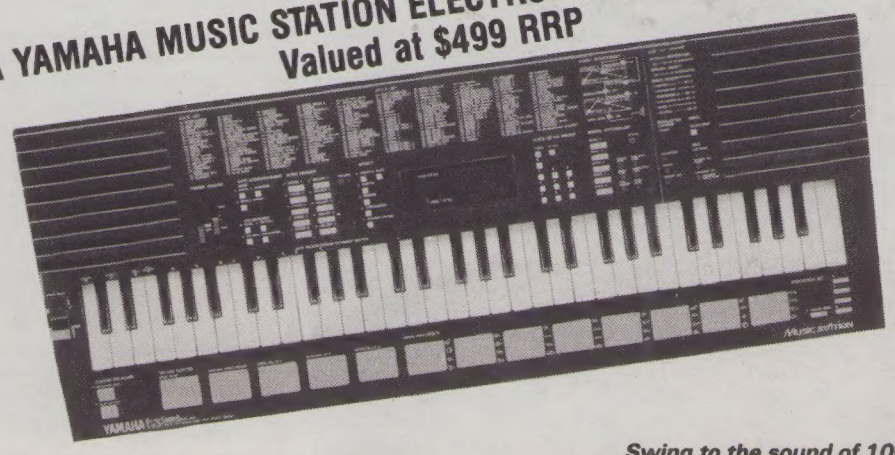

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As of issue 702 on sale 3rd October this section will be divided into separate Victorian and New South Wales sections and of course other states when necessary. We will also attempt to categorise ads eg: PA ads together, Studios together etc, where possible.

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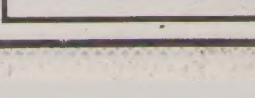

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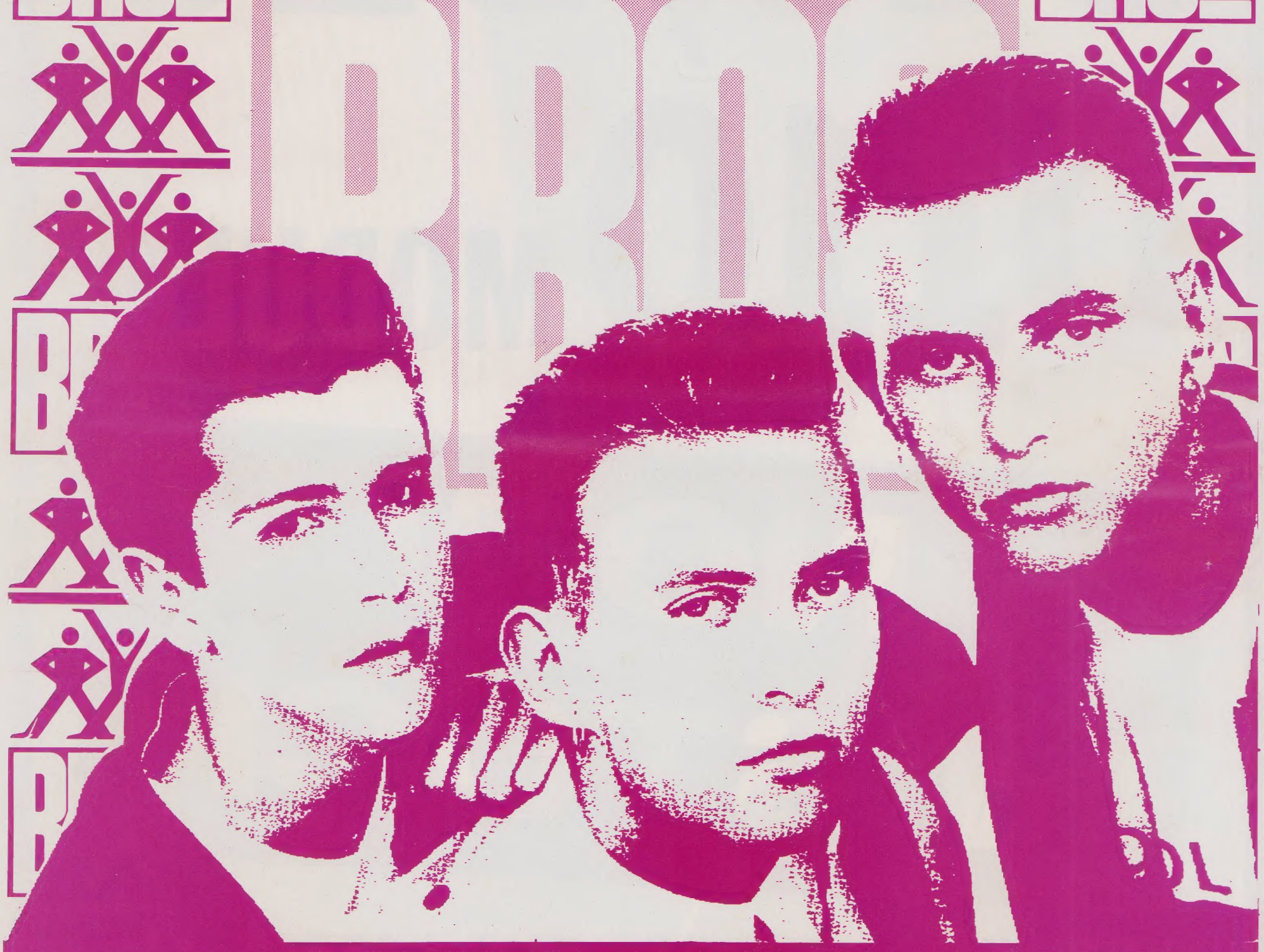

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